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AMERICAN BOOKS.

The old scornful query, Who reads an American book? has long since lost whatever point it had, for wherever the English language is read at all, the American contribution to English literature receives its full meed of attention and appreciation. The foreigner's estimate of the comparative standing of our writers is sometimes a little puzzling, and his praise is not always discriminating according to our own standards. But we no longer have cause to complain of his neglect, and it has now become our concern, not so much to attract his attention to our literature, as to turn that attention in the right direction. To the British or other foreigner looking for guidance in this matter of appreciation we should like to recommend a reading of the symposium, "The Most American Books" which was published not long ago in our valued contemporary, "The Outlook." What is an American book? was the question set to be answered by a number of thoughtful students of our literature, and the opinions given prove extremely interesting, both intrinsically and because of their essential agreement.

The question raised, it will be noticed, is not of the best books produced in America, but of the books that are the most distinctively representative of American life and thought. No doubt the two categories have much in common, but they will also diverge widely at several points. We think, for example, of Poe, Cooper, and Irving. They are among the best of our writers, but may we say that they are typically American in their spirit? With respect to Poe the answer is quite clear that, as Professor Dowden puts it, "he would have differed little from his actual self had he been born on an Irish hillside or in a German forest, or in any ultimate dim Thule, where it was possible for a dexterous brain to rehandle the suggestions of a subtle imagination." In the case of Cooper, there is a marked diversity of view. He was American in his themes (for the most part), and this seems to justify Professor Woodberry in saying that Cooper has given us "the ideal type of the pioneer, of the white man in romantic contact with the wilderness, expanding into a new being and taking on a new form and opening up a new human capability in character." But Dr. Hale, admitting the wide European acceptance of Cooper as a typically American writer, is forced to almost exactly the opposite conclusion. "All the same," he says, "these novels are not really American, excepting that they tell about Indians and trails and blazed trees and rifles and buckshot and moccasins. There was no moment in Cooper's life when he would not have been pleased to be mistaken for an Englishman." There is a somewhat similar dif-

ference of opinion in the case of Irving. Mr. Wister remarks that "much of Irving could be English," and Professor Matthews thinks that, with Cooper, he must be ruled out because we can say no more for him than that he wrote "certain books dealing delightfully with the externals of American life." But Professor Woodberry, having chiefly in view Irving's handling of the legendary material of his native State, makes the following strong plea for his Americanism:

"Next in order comes that reincarnation of the world-old myth completely born again into local habitation and a name, Rip Van Winkle, in 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.' Such a birth is the rarest of literary phenomena, and stands in lieu of folk-lore, which never dies."

Turning now to the instances of substantial agreement among our symposiasts, we find that Emerson's essays and Hawthorne's romances come foremost in the minds of nearly all of them. Concerning the former, Professor Münsterberg says: "It was always my opinion that no element of the American spirit is more essential than the often veiled idealism: I take Emerson's essays as its noblest literary document." And Professor Dowden says much the same thing in the following language:

"A characteristic of much that strikes a stranger as indigenous in American literature is the juxtaposition, and at its best the fusion, in it of a very keen perception of fact and of a lofty, sometimes a rarefied, kind of idealism. . . . The idealism of Emerson appears sometimes to be highly attenuated, but at its best it is the exact translation of reality into what is yet more real — the idea."

Of Hawthorne, and especially of "The Scarlet Letter," we are told by Colonel Higginson that "all the volumes of all the historical societies cannot bring that remote atmosphere before us as he does." And Professor Dowden's dictum is this:

"Add to New England vividness of perception and New England ideality a sentiment of romance to which the remoteness from the mediæval world gives a certain wistfulness, and you have an expression for much that lay in the genius of Hawthorne."

With something less of unanimity, but with no essential difference of opinion, we find the names of Lowell and Whitman put forward as representative of the typically American spirit in literature. "The Biglow Papers," says Colonel Higginson, "takes the lead of unequivocally American books"; Dr. Hale calls them "absolutely characteristic"; and Professor Woodberry says that they "sum up Yankee nature with more telling effect than any of the pastoral writers who have used the form for political ends, nor is the work more loaded with dialect and contemporary detail than is customary in such compositions." Of Whitman's work, we are told by Professor Münsterberg that it "tells the whole story" of "the democratic temper of American society," by Professor Dowden that it makes "an effort to envisage at once the vast materiality of the United States and to reveal the underlying spirituality," and by Professor Matthews that it makes "plain the American acceptance of human equality, the fundamental respect for the dignity of the individual, and, above all, the superb belief in the future — the ingrained optimism which is perhaps the most salient element of our Americanism."

Among the writers whose names find numerous champions in this competition for the honors of typical Americanism, and would doubtless be accepted by the others were not the selection so limited, are "Mark Twain," Thoreau, and Bret Harte. The first of these men, according to Professor Münsterberg, stands for "American humor in its grotesque aspect of hearty laughter." Of Thoreau's "Walden," Colonel Higginson says that "neither its materials, nor its aims could have been combined elsewhere; and the National life sings through it, precisely as the drum of the village youth, as described elsewhere by Thoreau, goes echoing through the darkness on the night before the village muster." And of Bret Harte we read in Mr. Garland's words, to which no one can object, that his prose and verse "sprang from the soil of the Pacific slope as naturally as its pines and redwoods; in them is the old California."

A large number of books and authors not heretofore mentioned are named by one or another of the contributors to the discussion. Among the books most clearly entitled to inclusion in a representative list are Whittier's "Snowbound," Longfellow's "Hiawatha," Mr. Howells's "Silas Lapham," Judd's "Margaret," Holmes's "Autocrat," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the histories of Parkman and Fiske. Of "Snowbound," Colonel Higginson says that "there is not in all literature, probably, a family group so graphically and indeed immortally portrayed." Of "Hiawatha," Professor Woodberry says that "the world has found this white man's epic of the dying race of the forest-dwellers the single poetic embodiment of the Indian world, and no savage world has ever attracted the imagination and sympathy of men as strongly as the Indian."

"The Puritan conscientiousness," says Professor Münsterberg, is "perhaps nowhere characterized with finer artistic quality than in 'Silas Lapham.'" Of "Margaret," Dr. Hale says that the book had better be hunted up by "anybody outside of New England who wants a comprehensive idea of New England character in the active duties of New England life a hundred years ago." The "Autocrat," according to Professor Münsterberg, embodies American humor in its "smilingly sentimental" aspect. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," says Professor Woodberry, "for better or worse, has been and will remain the picture of the South under slavery, of the slave, the master, and the life." Finally, it is Dr. Hale who argues most eloquently for the American school of historians: for Parkman, whom he styles "the most distinctly American author in this American school," for Fiske, "who compels people to read American history who never read it before."

A distinctive feature of this discussion is the recognition it gives to the literary work of our great statesmen and patriots. Miss Grace King speaks of the period of the Revolution as "the classical era of our patriotic genius," and the names of Henry, Franklin, and Webster, of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant, appear many times among the chosen representatives of American spirit. Dr. Hale even insists upon the Constitution as one of his ten typically American books. Grant, in particular, both for his memoirs and his despatches, is singled out by a number of the contributors, in which connection we may recall the high praise bestowed upon the "Memoirs" by no less a critic than Matthew Arnold. We come across an occasional "freak" judgment, as in the case of Colonel Higginson's mention of Miss Helen Kellar's "The Story of my Life," and of Mr. Garland's word for such writers as Mr. Riley and Mr. Ade. And Professor Münsterberg indulges in a little fun at our expense when he says that "A book like Mrs. Eddy's 'Science and Health' might be written anywhere; but that it should be bought by the hundred thousand is possible only through the mental disposition of Americans." As an example of the books that embody the defects of our national virtues, this amazing performance may also be called a characteristic production of the American spirit.

In conclusion, we wish to supplement our series of special quotations by two excerpts of a more general character, one from an American, and the other from an English observer. Mr. Owen Wister pertinently says of the American spirit:

"First, it has Youth. We are a *young nation*, and possess the young virtues and the young faults; the hope, the daring, the generosity, the extravagance, the impatience, the irreverence of youth. But, next, we are an *old people* — Puritans, Huguenots; and this means fatalism, subtlety, a strange sadness, a pondering the problem of evil, a power of asceticism, and of exaltation."

Professor Dowden's general comment is as follows:

"Perhaps the theory is true that American idealism can be traced in part to Puritanism, and that what we may call a defecated Puritanism becomes almost inevitably a cult of the ideal. Tocqueville will have it, and perhaps he is right, that a great democracy is in its very nature prone to ideal ways of thinking and feeling, with results at once reassuring and open to the gravest risks. But the quick recognition of facts, and the shrewdness, the stability, which this engenders is a check upon the dangers which are perhaps inherent in a democracy."

D'ANNUNZIO, POET AND PLAYWRIGHT.

In America, and also in Europe outside of Italy, d'Annunzio's fame prior to the publication of *Francesca da Rimini*, has been as a novelist. It is now seven or eight years since the *Revue des Deux Mondes* published "The Triumph of Death," and M. de Vogüé hailed him as the leader of an Italian Renaissance. From that time, his novels have been famous throughout Europe and America; whereas his poetry has been scarcely known except in Italy. To Italians, however, at least to his disciples and their friends, d'Annunzio, even in his novels, is essentially a poet.

It is not easy for an American, bred in the habits, notions, and prejudices which we call Anglo-Saxon education, to be just to d'Annunzio, even as a poet; for we are almost sure to approach his poetry through his novels, and these revolt all our natural sentiments. We are separated from him by the gulf of race. Even his virtues, in great part, are beyond our sympathies; for we, on our side, do not belong to the *gentil sangue Latin*, nor do we understand d'Annunzio's most sincere, most praiseworthy trait, — the conscience of the artist, a conscience as imperious, as self-sufficient, as disdainful as that of the Puritans.

To d'Annunzio himself, his aim is spiritual; yet to say in English that d'Annunzio labors for the spiritual life is to impose a strange burden upon those already heavily laden words. His understanding of the spirit is different from ours; Americans are prone to separate the spiritual from the intellectual, d'Annunzio is inclined to confound the two. He aims to enfranchise the intellect, to rescue it from the bonds of an ignorant social order, to enlarge the horizon of men by poetry. For him, intellectual exploitation of the senses is spiritual, it is man's

highest life; and the expression of that intellectual enjoyment is poetry. He is a great artist; he has propriety, order, gradation, harmony, in word and thought; instinctively he shudders at formlessness. He is not inspired; he is the product of modern culture, not a natural force expressing itself under the ordinary impulses of life. He has lived more on other men's thoughts than on his own; a careful perusal of his books shows the periods in which different masters were in the ascendant. He has not the power of assimilation, that predatory habit of happy genius bestowed upon a Raphael or a Keats; on the contrary, his very lack of capacity to force the ideas and methods of other men to deny their creators, as it were, and serve him, marks the limit of his genius. Nevertheless he has a clever knack of cribbing.

At sixteen d'Annunzio had become famous; critics jostled each other in their hurry to be the first to do him honor. He went from success to success; and from 1881 his poems have been hailed, one after the other, as the work of a rival to Carducci.

A lyric poet is, and must be, exaggeratedly personal in his relations to us; we like him, or we do not, for causes that lie deep in ourselves. We like him, perhaps, because he has unlocked, by a mere random sequence of words, some old neglected memory, or stirred a common human sentiment and left us less lonely, or because he has pulled aside the curtain of familiarity from something of beauty. With d'Annunzio, it is not so. From the first, we feel in our bones that he cannot be *our* poet. We are oppressed by the hard lustre of his Latin genius, that shines so glaringly, and disregards the gray tints which we love, and all the pleasant sombreness of life. But no doubt we fall short in our duty as readers; his art fails in its effect upon us because we are not sensitive to it, our drowsy susceptibilities sleep through his knocking. We feel that he is a stranger to the haunts of our affections; he utters many melodious phrases, but not our pass-word; he is challenged by our rude dumb instincts, which know that he has no part in the patriotism of our souls.

Whether he is our poet or not, his is a very interesting personality. Behind his sensuous descriptions is not feeling, but intellect; behind his intellect is not genius, but a Roman will, which joins with his ambition in high resolve to achieve a new life for Italy, and wills to use poetry as its instrument. Nevertheless, will and intellect, applied to lyrical talents, will not, without the addition of experience, turn a poet into a playwright; and in d'Annunzio's plays we miss experience of the stage. He should have been apprenticed to a scene-shifter, cursed by the stage-manager, bullied by the second lady, and thus have acquired the lore of stage-craft. No genius can supply the lack of long familiarity with the stage. Of such knowledge the novelist, who desires to become a playwright, and more than all others the psychological novelist, stands in especial need: in the drama, living actors are the medium of expression; in story-telling, printer's ink,—and the difference is immense.

Among the defects of d'Annunzio's novels are intense subjectiveness, narrowness of human interest, and an indefatigable prolixity. The same defects hurt his plays; but the exigencies of the stage have helped him; they limit, if they cannot abolish, the author's soliloquies, and they discourage prolixity. His earlier plays, *La Gioconda* and *Città Morta*, mark the period of his apprenticeship. The plot of *La Gioconda* is briefly this: A sculptor moulds a beautiful statue; during the work the model acquires a power over the sculptor, so that without her he is incapable of achievement. Soon he finds himself in love with her and estranged from his wife, who is both good and beautiful. The mental strain of this situation makes him dangerously ill. His wife, by her devoted nursing, saves his life; and thinking that illness has broken his illegitimate bonds, confronts the model and attempts to send her away. In this scene the wife and the model are merely the sculptor's emotions personified: one representing duty to art, a duty which only the chosen few can perform; the other, that common duty to a wife which lies within the reach of every husband. The wife tells a lie, saying that her husband had commanded the model to depart. In a rage of despair, the model springs forward to break the statue for which she had sat; the wife throws out her arms and saves the falling marble from breaking, but her hands are horribly maimed and have to be amputated. The victory is with the model.

In this play d'Annunzio has chosen the tragic and ethical theme that a man cannot serve two masters; but in his endeavor to portray an ethical situation he has only succeeded at the expense of human interest. The two women who struggle for the artist's soul are but two conflicting moral principles, and nobody cares what becomes of the soul.

La Città Morta ("The Dead City") is a play of greater ambition. D'Annunzio has attempted what he perhaps would call a younger sister to the Attic dramas; he has taken what he believes to be a Greek theme, and in order to strengthen his situation he has laid the scene near Mycenæ. The characters are a poet, his blind wife and a brother and sister engaged in excavating the tombs of Agamemnon and Cassandra. Both husband and brother fall in love with the sister; there is no action; the brother, overcome by horror at his own love, and not untouched with jealousy, drowns his sister. The horror of the plot is dulled by prolixity, and by the lack of human interest in the characters (dreams of a morbid scholar), who spend their immense leisure in talking of the Antigone, of Cassandra, of the plains of Argos and the gulf of Corinth, not for the menial purpose of carrying forward the plot, but to awake a chill sense of the past, and to recall the cold presence of the long dead.

Tragedy requires some unreality; it requires isolation from daily life, whose unheroic little needs comfort humanity and spoil tragedy; but the

strained quality of d'Annunzio does not transport us into the heroic unreality of Attic tragedy, it only carries us into a breezeless atmosphere of morbid psychology. The play is a mere study of abnormal psychic conditions, too abnormal for general interest, too subjective for the stage, from which both it and *La Gioconda* would be promptly banished were it not for the self-sacrifice of the great actress who has devoted her ten talents to their service.

The plot of "Francesca da Rimini" is briefly this: For political reasons Francesca's family, the Polentani, lords of Ravenna, desire to marry her to Gianciotto, the oldest son of Malatesta of Rimini; but they fear her refusal, as Gianciotto is both lame and ill-favored; therefore they trick her into the belief that Paolo the beautiful, his younger brother, is to be her husband. Francesca is betrothed, goes to Rimini and there is undeceived; but that first belief, that Paolo was to be hers and she his, avenges itself, and the two love each other from that moment. The youngest brother, Malatestino, who attempts to pay his addresses to his beautiful sister-in-law and is repulsed, betrays the lovers to Gianciotto. Dramatic interest centres in four figures, Francesca and the three brothers. Gianciotto is a Renaissance despot, who limps across the stage in vigorous fashion. He is well done, but he suffers in English eyes in that, while his fierceness and lameness and ambition recall Richard III., he has not the interest of inhumanity, he is not turned devil by physical defects; he is but a rude soldier, roughly seeking to despoil his neighbor.

The best-drawn character is that of Malatestino, who in a few rude sentences reveals the traditional Renaissance ferocity. Paolo is inferior, he is the palest of all d'Annunzio's likenesses of himself, too little individual, too much the attendant character to Francesca; he is a *poseur*, weak with the ordinary weaknesses of a *jeune premier*, and his very ineffectiveness puts him beyond the reach of tragedy. He loves Francesca, but his love does not bear marks of fatality, or if so, of a fatality that to-day sweeps him to Francesca, and to-morrow will sweep him to Giovanna, and the next to Lucia, and so onward still. The interest in an adulterer must lie in the clash between duty to love and duty to honor, when "honor rooted in dishonor stands"; but Paolo is unvexed by any sentiment of disloyalty to his brother.

Francesca is a more interesting figure, but she is not essentially different from d'Annunzio's other heroines. At home in Ravenna she has fed on tales of old romance told by an Eastern slave, and lived in day-dreams colored by a melancholy foreboding. She falls in love with Paolo at first sight; and as her tricky marriage to Gianciotto leaves her in doubt as to whom her allegiance is due, she is subject to an ethical bewilderment of which Paolo is unconscious. In her speeches there are passages of real poetry; and sometimes, when pathos colors the lines, they nestle in the memory with true lyric confidence.

But everywhere, over every scene, over every person, hangs prolixity like a pall. Just as interest rises, just as pity stirs, comes a cold shower of words, that strew the ground like leaves in Vallombrosa, smothering interest, choking pity, till nothing but that resolution which is said to be the characteristic of our dominant race enables us to be patient to the end. The first act, which only serves to let Francesca and Paolo see each other, and to inform the spectators that she believes he is to be her husband, begins with a gay and distinctly long scene between the waiting-women and the *jongleur;* it goes on with an unnecessary episode about Francesca's brother, introduced to produce historical effect, and continues with a long discourse between Francesca and her sister, and only ends when Francesca sees Paolo at the gate; fortunately, they say nothing, and the curtain drops. In the other acts are a long apostrophe to Greek fire, a minute examination of a peddlar's pack, made with the leisure of a lady when society is out of town, and the story of a hawk; all scenes which are adapted for a novel, but deadly for a play. Yet, with all its faults, if a tyrannical stage-manager were to take the play with *carte blanche* to cut, and should do his obvious duty, this play would remain undoubtedly the best tragedy ever produced in Italy, and would rank high on the English stage.

D'Annunzio has made an immense effort to secure fidelity to fact; he has thrown himself with his wonted zeal into arras, headdress, mangonel, crossbow, hawking, and haberdashery; he has pressed into service *jongleur*, peddlar, and astrologer, and no doubt he has made a good picture of life in Rimini near the year 1300. The scenes are brilliant, and might have been drawn by Boccaccio; they furnish a very beautiful and finished frame for the tragedy. D'Annunzio himself recognizes the danger of too many accessories, and in order to overcome that danger and to give to his drama a touch of poetic ambience, of that detachment from the world which tragedy requires, he adopts ingenuous devices. He uses repetition, which, like a succession of echoes, confounds the memory and the imagination and serves as a fair makeshift for the presence of mystery. He also introduces snatches from Dante which recall the solemnity of the eternal punishment that lies before the lovers. And everywhere he is the artist. Every scene, every speech, every word, is put in nice relation to the whole; no volunteer phrases come straggling in, — they are drilled, equipped, and marched into place, in accordance with a carefully matured plan.

It is interesting to see how d'Annunzio has been both hurt and helped by the greatest of Italian poets. Dante has rendered d'Annunzio's historical accuracy, at least for the reader in his closet, hopelessly wrong. Paolo and Francesca, the lovers whom we know, are not historical; they are not Riminesi, but Dantesque. They did not live in the flesh, but in the greatest lines of the Divine Comedy. They are apparitions, beautified and idealized

by the genius of Dante, endowed with such life and experience as he gave them, and no more. They live forever on the infernal blast, and there is a hopeless incongruity in surrounding them with antique furniture and mediæval millinery. But d'Annunzio has also received a blessing; he has "touched Dante's dead," and he has acquired a modesty that seemed beyond his power; for a moment he has seen a glimmer, as it were, of Dante's belief that the bond of sex is but a rude symbol of a completer union where the individual shall no longer be isolated by his own imprisoning senses. And yet we cannot but resent as impiety that a man should be so rash as to overstep by a hair's breadth the prohibition in the line,

Quel giorno piu non vi leggemmo avanti.
(That day we read no more therein.)

The end of the play is weak. Paolo attempts to escape down a trap-door, and is caught by some mediæval equivalent for coat-tails, leaving head and shoulders standing out; from this ignominious and somewhat ludicrous position he must be rescued, in order that he and Francesca may die in each other's arms. Gianciotto pulls him up by the hair, and then runs him through.

In spite of all, this play is far and away d'Annunzio's best achievement; it is more interesting, more affecting, more virile than his other dramas or his novels; it is more human, and has a sensuous richness and an orderly advance that mark a great gain in dramatic art. This improvement comes in part from the poet's growth in knowledge and experience; but we must also look further, for neither in novel nor in drama has there been promise of such a sudden leap forward, and surely we can detect the advice of trained experience and the promptings of a delicacy and tact which can only belong to the great actress, Eleanora Duse *dalle belle mani;* so that we may ascribe the play to what Charles Lamb calls the noble practise of collaboration.

H. D. Sedgwick, Jr.

COMMUNICATION.

LAMB MANUSCRIPTS IN AMERICA.

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

In the work of preparing the new edition of the Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb, upon which I have been engaged for some years, I have endeavored wherever possible to obtain new copies of letters rather than reproduce those which are already in type. English possessors of Lamb MSS. having most cordially assisted me in this project, I take the opportunity of asking those owners of Lamb MSS. in America to be so good as to extend to me the same facilities; for without their coöperation no edition of Lamb's letters can possibly be complete. I shall be obliged if they will kindly address me care Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, who will make arrangements for the copying or collation of the MSS.

E. V. Lucas.

Edenbridge, Kent, England, Dec. 8, 1902.

The New Books.

JAMES MARTINEAU.*

The story is told of an old lady who derived great comfort and help from a borrowed volume of Martineau's sermons until one day she learned, to her horror, that they were by a Unitarian, when she speedily returned the book to its owner, remarking that the effect of its reading was like that of a pleasant poison.

Probably no collection of sermons has imparted more of spiritual uplift to a wide circle of readers than the two volumes of "Endeavours after a Christian Life." Their entire freedom from doctrinal discussion, and their moving appeal to our common religious nature and aspirations, render them fit reading for all. Their poetic beauty of diction makes each chapter a "lyric utterance," which was the author's ideal of what a sermon should be. Like Channing and like Theodore Parker, with whom he is naturally associated as one of the three leaders of liberal religious thought in the nineteenth century, Martineau was a vehement protestant against everything that savors of arbitrary authority in religion. With them, too, he protested against certain tendencies in the Unitarian church that seemed to him narrow and injurious. So catholic was he in matters of religion that he disliked the idea of any less inclusive ecclesiastical organization than that of the church universal; and though he called *himself* a Unitarian, he did not favor the name as a denominational label. These points of similarity between the three champions of Unitarianism serve well to indicate wherein reside the real strength and usefulness of that denomination, its true mission being to liberalize the church as a whole, and to promote Christian unity, rather than to gain converts to its own specific form of faith.

We have long had on our bookshelves ample biographies of Channing and Parker. To them is now added a full and painstaking life of Martineau, who, it is curious to recall, was born five years before Parker and only twenty-five after Channing. The scholarly study of Martineau from the pen of the Rev. A. W. Jackson, published two years ago, was necessarily meagre in biographical detail; so that, while it is

*The Life and Letters of James Martineau, LL.D., S.T.D., etc. By James Drummond, M.A., LL.D., Hon. Litt. D. And a Survey of his Philosophical Work, by C. B. Upton, B.A., B.Sc. In two volumes. With portraits. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

by no means superseded, it is very acceptably supplemented by the later work. Both Dr. Drummond and Professor Upton had long been associated with Martineau as officers of Manchester College, and no men better fitted for the preparation of his biography could have been found. The "Life and Letters" occupy the first volume and half of the second; the "Survey of his Philosophical Work" is crowded into the remaining half-volume.

In a letter to the Rev. W. R. Alger, Martineau speaks of "a certain loneliness of spirit" that had been his from childhood. It is this loneliness of spirit, or, better expressed, this loftiness of spirituality, that renders him an unpromising subject for popular biography. His life is traced in his thought and in his writings; the accidental shifting of the bodily tenement from Norwich to Bristol, from Bristol to York, to Dublin, Liverpool, London, signifies but little. Harriet Martineau's autobiography long ago made us familiar with the more important features of the family history. That heroic struggle on the children's part to clear an honored father's name from the reproach of insolvency, was vividly depicted by her. The present biographer, strangely enough, passes over this period with merely a brief mention of straitened circumstances. The noble and self-sacrificing conduct of young Mr. Martineau in resigning his Dublin pastorate, because he could not conscientiously accept the *regium donum*, is described in detail. A full account also is given of the so-called Liverpool Controversy, in which Martineau, now pastor of the Paradise Street Chapel, united with the two other liberal dissenting ministers of the city in defending their common faith against a venomous assault from thirteen Anglican clergymen. The fortunes of Manchester College (afterward Manchester New College, and then again known under its original name) are rather closely followed in this biography of him who most contributed to its success as a theological school for dissenters. From Manchester to York, thence back to Manchester, thence to London, and finally to Oxford, the college wandered in quest of a permanent abiding place. Associated with it as a student at York, as a lecturer at Manchester, and as professor and afterward principal in London, Martineau has linked his name inseparably with its history. It was in his work as professor of mental and moral philosophy that he first drew the attention of the learned world to his depth and power of thought. Though public recognition of his extraordinary abilities came late in life, it came at last in full measure. America honored herself by being the first to bestow on him an honorary degree. In 1872 Harvard made him a doctor of laws; Leyden followed three years later with a doctorate of systematic theology; Edinburgh added D.D. to his name in 1884; Oxford came lagging along in 1888 with a D.C.L. diploma; and Dublin brought up the rear in 1892 by appending Litt.D. to the list.

It has often been said, and with good reason, that had Martineau stood within the pale of the English church he would have been made Archbishop of Canterbury. Even English churchmen, as well as dissenters, have called him the foremost philosophical and religious thinker of his time. But with British conservatism and British prejudice to contend against, the wonder is not so much that he was late in attaining such recognition as he finally enjoyed, as that he attained it at all. The extent of his influence and the permanent value of his work are undoubtedly out of all proportion to the honors he reaped while alive. Most gratifying was the tribute of "reverence and affection" paid to him on his eighty-third birthday in an address signed by a host of men of renown in learning and in public life, both in Europe and in America. The signatures, though somewhat hastily gathered, numbered six hundred and fifty. The noble and touching reply to this address deserves quotation here in full, but unwillingness to trespass too greatly on editorial courtesy forbids, and to present the response in an abridged form were almost a sin. We cannot, however, close this inadequate notice of a permanently valuable work without offering the reader a taste of Martineau's exquisitely finished literary style. His letters lend themselves most readily to purposes of illustration. Dignified modesty and courtly grace distinguished them in a marked degree. To the Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham he wrote, in March, 1893, a letter highly characteristic of his attitude in denominational matters.

"This summer will probably draw you for a time into the great vortex of the Chicago meeting of the waters, — the vast sweep of which, I must confess, rather terrifies than exalts my imagination. I can place as little trust in such 'Parliaments of all Religions' as in an Ecumenical Council. All theological assemblies that I have ever attended, or distantly observed, have created more differentiation than union. It is the *unspoken religion* that lies beneath all words, in

which we are one; and it passes the wit of man to *define* without *separating*. Whatever *temporal* benefits may accrue from a concentrated exhibition of the industry and arts of all nations, I cannot be sanguine in my expectation of its *spiritual* result."

A quiet humor, of which he not infrequently showed himself master, lights up the following, written from Berlin, where he spent a semester of study in 1848-49. Frequenters of German university lecture-rooms will give it an appreciative reading.

"I have heard Neander lecture, though I have not met him in private. . . . His lectures are interesting from their matter, and [from] the neatness approaching to elegance of expression, somewhat diffused, however, and delivered in a manner so peculiar as to defy conception. A little shy-looking man, with a quantity of black hair, and eyes so small and overshadowed by dark brows as to be invisible, slinks into a great lecture-room; steps up to his platform; but instead of taking his professor's chair, takes his station at the corner of his tall desk, leaning his arm upon the angle, and his head upon his arm; with his face thus hanging over the floor, and pulling a pen to pieces with his fingers, he begins to rock his desk backwards and forwards on its hind edge with every promise of a bouleversement, and talks smoothly, as he rocks, for his three-quarters of an hour, without a scrap of paper; quoting authorities, chapter and verse, and even citing and translating longish passages from ecclesiastical writers; and finishing every clause by spitting, in a quiet dropping way upon the floor, as if to express the punctuation. When the clock strikes, the demolition of the pen is just complete, and he slinks out of the room without apparently having once been conscious that anybody was present."

Professor Upton's survey of Martineau's philosophical work is, from its brevity, necessarily somewhat cursory, and may well be supplemented by Mr. Jackson's careful, though less comprehensive, study. Four portraits of Martineau accompany the text, the latest showing him in his ninety-fourth year; but the fine face still wears much of the wintry grace of unenfeebled age.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

A NEW HISTORY OF GERMAN LITERATURE.*

The announcement of Mr. John G. Robertson's "History of German Literature" was received with more than ordinary interest, for, excepting Francke's "German Literature as Determined by Social Forces," no English book of similar scope has appeared. The author, for a number of years past Lecturer in the University of Strassburg, has enjoyed excellent opportunities for the prosecution of his work, and certainly the handsome volume, from the press of Messrs. Blackwood & Sons, challenges careful examination. In all that belongs to the technique of book-making, there is no opportunity for adverse criticism. A taseful binding, clear type, and good paper make the book attractive; while a table of contents, marginal catch-words, and an excellent index, the latter distinguishing by heavy type between detailed treatment and incidental mention, supply all the aid needed for convenient and ready reference.

Turning now to the subject-matter itself, the question of proportion first suggests itself; and, in this connection, a detailed statement of what Mr. Robertson has given us is in order. An Introduction of ten or twelve pages deals in a general way with the relation of German to other literatures, and seeks to establish "in how far divergences in the evolution of German letters are to be ascribed to national temperament, in how far to accidents of social or political history." The balance of the book, something over six hundred octavo pages, is then divided into five parts of varying length, each subdivided into separate chapters. The first part, dealing with the Old High German period, is quite brief,—only thirty-three pages; the Middle High German and Early New High German periods are somewhat more fully treated, — one hundred pages being given to the former, and to the latter ninety. The fourteen chapters of Part Four devote one hundred and seventy-five pages to the Eighteenth Century; while fullest of all is the treatment of the Nineteenth Century, in sixteen chapters, containing two hundred and thirteen pages. This arrangement is commendable. Most of the standard works in German end with Goethe's death, or, like Meyer's recent work, devote a stout volume to the Nineteenth Century alone. The general reader thus finds what is of the greatest contemporary interest untouched, or so exhaustively treated that, apart from any question of the perfect mastery of the foreign idiom needed to consult such works, he is deterred from undertaking the task.

Equally commendable is the brevity with which the Old High German period is treated. Monuments like the *Hildebrandslied* and the *Heljand* are given their due importance, but Mr. Robertson properly appreciates, without under-estimating, this early literature. His conclusion is worth quoting.

"It is in no sense a great period; with the exception of a few fragmentary verses. . . . Old High German literature has little or no poetic worth. . . . The interest which it possesses for us to-day is not literary but linguistic."

It may seem unnecessary to emphasize this point,

*A HISTORY OF GERMAN LITERATURE. By John G. Robertson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

but so many historians of literature have unduly exaggerated the importance of this period, as the survival of epoch-making centuries, that the student is often in danger of getting a wrong perspective.

In the arrangement of his subject-matter Mr. Robertson is not always quite so happy, though that certainly is a very difficult thing. The separate chapters in each division of the book deal with different movements, or sometimes with a single work or author; and this arrangement is, of course, logical. But there seems to be a lack of sufficient emphasis on social and political tendencies, a failure to make clear the character of each trend or school and its relation to what came before and what followed it. It hardly seems that the student would get from the book as definite an idea of the various movements and the organic development of German literature as, for example, Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Primer" gives of the English. The author's attitude is defined in the concluding sentence of his Introduction, summing up, as it does, the whole preceding discussion.

"Just as the historian of French literature must keep constantly in view the social background, or as English literary history must take account of the natural enterprise and independence of the Anglo-Saxon race, so German literature must be regarded preëminently as the literature of subjectivity and individualism."

Now the general truth of this may be frankly admitted, yet it is equally true that various influences have effected not merely individuals but whole periods and all the writers of a given epoch,—as, for example, the Storm and Stress movement. This movement is frequently referred to as something definite and well understood; but in his chapter on it Mr. Robertson describes it only as "another expression for youthful vigor," and characterizes it as the period of "genius," which owed its tendency and peculiar stamp to the influence of the ideas and work of Rousseau. This is quite inadequate. Other allusions indicate the author's clear perception of the other features of this movement, but all of these should have been brought together into one clear presentation of its nature and scope.

It is perhaps along this same line that what seems the greatest fault of the work is to be found; its perusal fails to give definite and clear impressions of the works described. There is too much of general statement and abstract criticism, too little direct analysis of the literature in question and of the appeal it has made to the author himself. Thus, for example, in the treatment of Schiller's "Maria Stuart," the old point that the poet has not utilized the political situation is urged. Mr. Robertson certainly is familiar with the poet's statement implying his purpose to write a tragedy of human passion, and knows that he intentionally passed over the political elements, finding in his historical background simply a check upon his imagination. When thus interpreted, the stricture that Mary's death "is an accident, not a necessity" is not well founded, for the issue is distinctly the result of her own action in the drama.

In similar fashion, the analysis of Goethe's *Iphigenie auf Tauris* misses the central thought that gives unity to the whole plot,—Iphigenie's belief that Diana has protected her in order that she may return to Greece and atone the guilt of her race. Without due emphasis upon this, the student gets no clear idea of Goethe's plot, and thus wholly misses much of the significance of what our author justly considers "the most artistically perfect, the most spiritual, of all the poet's writings."

One further illustration of this lack of clear presentation of vital issues. In speaking of Lessing's great controversy with Goeze, Mr. Robertson simply says that "the Fragments discussed religious questions in a rationalistic spirit" with which Lessing sympathized; he then mentions only by title the writings called forth in the controversy. Now this is an insufficient treatment of a struggle in which Lessing finally vanquished the literalism of dogmatic Lutheran orthodoxy and reasserted Luther's great principle of individual inquiry. The close relation of this struggle to *Nathan der Weise* is also not suggested; and certainly that poem stands for something more than "lofty humanity and wise tolerance." Professor Carruth's admirable article on "The Three Rings" puts the teaching of the drama in its proper light.

One or two other points linger in mind after laying aside the volume. The discussion of the *Nibelungenlied* might well trace more clearly the mythical and the historical elements and their union in the German saga. In the treatment of Luther, too, is he not credited with greater originality in his use of the Saxon "Kanzlei" than he deserves? Recent studies of the work of Thomas Murner would seem to indicate as much. But enough of this ungrateful fault-finding. The book does not show marked originality in its presentation or strong

individuality in its appreciations and judgments, but perhaps for that very reason it will be all the more useful as a work of reference; and that, after all, is its chief purpose.

From this latter point of view one additional feature of the work merits unqualified approval, —namely, the references in the foot-notes to the works consulted and to the editions used; also the extracts that are incorporated in the text. As far as possible, Kürschner's *Deutsche National-Litteratur* is cited, since that series can be found in every larger library. The extracts from Old and Middle High German are also literally rendered into modern German in the notes, the author's purpose being to furnish a glossary rather than a translation. That he did this is additional evidence of that sense for style that characterizes the whole work, and every good teacher will certainly agree with him that this method is better adapted to enable the reader "to appreciate the meaning and poetic value of the extracts" than any English translation that could be offered.

All in all, Mr. Robertson deserves high praise for the work he has done. It shows wide reading and painstaking scholarship, and both English and American students of German literature are to be congratulated upon the publication of so good a book.

Lewis A. Rhoades.

Lowell on Human Liberty.*

While the collection and publication of the early anti-slavery writings of James Russell Lowell must rejoice every lover of human liberty, it is a matter for sincere regret that the edition in which these contributions to the great cause of freedom are issued should be a limited one. For if ever the thinking people of the United States and, more particularly, those among them who direct the thought of their fellow-citizens, needed just such fundamental statements of right and wrong and the true glory of nations, it is in this very day when the evil of the world is masquerading once more in the guise of a "higher morality." More than one reader who has strayed into the dim and little-known regions of our national history just before and during the war with Mexico has been struck with the extraordinary resemblance between the protest and apology of conflicting political parties in that day to those in this. Many, too, seeing that the Mexican war has not resulted in unmixed evil, and that the conquests it made have not wholly reacted against the march of civilization, argue thence that the protestants of this day are also mere carping critics, stumbling blocks in the path of progress, as those were who fought against the admission of Texas and the taking over by conquest of lands from the weak republic to the south.

It requires the unflinching courage and youthful enthusiasm of so true a man and so forceful a writer as Lowell to puncture such fallacies. One realizes that the wrong of those days has made easier the commission of wrong in these; that the eternal heresy of doing evil that right may come was buttressed anew; that the only too human notion that success is the test by which the worth of men's deeds may be weighed was given an authority which gains in these days because it stands as a precedent. In Lowell's own majestic phrase, one sees anew

"Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne."

It is pleasant to learn from the brief unsigned introduction to the present reprint of these anti-slavery papers that they came to be written through the influence of that gentle and God-fearing woman, Maria White, to whom Lowell had just before been married.

"Through all the earlier papers runs the fiery zeal which we are accustomed to attribute to the young convert. The implication would seem to be a just one; for the first of the articles was written soon after Lowell's marriage to Maria White, to whom, in Mr. Norton's words, he 'owed all that a man may owe to the woman he loves.' . . . We have his own evidence in a letter written many years later, that his Abolitionism began in 1840, which was the year of his engagement to Miss White."

Those of us to-day who argue from woman's increased activity in national affairs an increase with it of that instinct by which women know right from wrong and good from evil, may take fresh courage from this example.

The papers are printed from the original manuscripts, now in the possession of Mrs. Sydney Howard Gay. The first five were originally published during 1844 in the "Pennsylvania Freeman"; the rest, fifty in number, appeared from 1846 to 1850 in the "National Anti-Slavery Standard," of which periodical Lowell was for two years "titular associate editor." They are now issued in two octavo volumes, bound in dark gray cartridge paper boards, with printed labels. The typography is simple and dignified, yet uncommonly

* The Anti-Slavery Papers of James Russell Lowell. Limited edition. In two volumes. Boston: The Riverside Press (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).

attractive; and paper and presswork are of the best. There will be a rather general disagreement, we fancy, with the anonymous editor's conclusion that these writings "can hardly heighten Lowell's literary reputation." But however this may be, assuredly they cannot fail to enhance his reputation as a lover of his kind. What this signifies Lowell has himself set down in no conciliatory language in his estimate of Daniel Webster, when he says:

"What has Freedom to thank Daniel Webster for? What has Peace? What has Civilization? What has that true Conservatism, which consists in bringing the earth forward and upward to the idea of its benign Maker? In one word, how is God the better served, how are heaven and earth more at one for his having bestowed upon this man that large utterance, that divine faculty of eloquent speech? How was man made in the image of God, save that the capacity was given him of being an adequate representative on earth of some one of the attributes of the Great Father, and His loyal ambassador to man?"

In the literary sense it is interesting to trace in these papers the germs of thought which went into Lowell's great poems of freedom and democracy, culminating in the "Commemoration Ode." Upon these writings in prose it is known that Lowell set comparatively small estimate; yet it is certain that here he was sowing the seed of which the poems were only the harvest. Here, inspired by the love of woman broadened out into love of that mankind of which she has always been its fairest exemplar, were the beginnings of the close adhesion to principle before party which made his later international services to the English-speaking peoples possible. From this source, too, as the editor notes, came the harvest of the "Bigelow Papers," and the humor and fun of those had its origins in the wit and sarcasm of these. It is curious proof of the growing conformity of the American nation that the language of Lowell here is the language of the most radical of the opponents of the imperialistic system that is growing upon us, — and this in the face of the editor's perfectly accurate comment that Lowell "was, in fact, surprisingly free from radicalism." At the very outset of his subject, in the first of the papers, bearing the noncommittal title "A Word in Season," there is a just estimate of the attitude of the conforming world toward the radical. Lowell writes:

"A good test for deciding the soundness of any moral stand which a man has taken is the amount of opposition it excites. Pure truth is poison to the mere natural man, as he is strangely called, — that is, to man in the unnatural state to which ages of subservience to policy and compromise with wrong have reduced him. With this superinduced and adulterated nature, truth has no sympathy, and cannot assimilate. Society as then constituted sees that either it or they must perish. If the reformers are madmen or fanatics, Society will be the last to call them by either of these names. They are its choicest weapons against *sane* reformers, and their edge would be blunted by using them too indiscriminately. A madman will prove himself to be such without any extraneous help; but when the reformer has taken his position in the commanding citadel of some indestructible truth, then the old battering-rams must be brought out again, the old swords sharpened and furbished up, and the startled spirit of the world can find room in its dainty mouth for obloquy and denunciation."

It is small wonder that the reformer of today can find inspiration in these words of a reformer of the past. The theme of the collection is something greatly broader and deeper than the mere abolition of chattel slavery in the southern United States. "The aim of the true Abolitionist," Lowell writes in the first of his contributions, "is not only to put an end to Negro slavery in America: he is equally the sworn foe of tyranny throughout the world." There is no delusion in Lowell's mind about this question of tyranny; and the cant of Anglo-Saxonry, already rife in his early days, seems to him to cloak a tyranny rather worse, if anything, that the ordinary sort. He says:

"The Norman barons (a race of savages, strong chiefly in their intense and selfish acquisitiveness, to whom our Southern brethren are fond of comparing themselves) looked upon their Saxon serfs as mere cattle, and indeed reduced them as nearly as might be to that degraded level by their cruelty. Yet these very serfs were part and parcel of that famous Anglo-Saxon race, concerning whom we have seen so much claptrap in the newspapers for a few years past, especially since the project of extending the area of freedom has been discussed and glorified."

Did space permit, it could be shown that the Declaration of Independence stood with Lowell for a declaration of principles — not an iridescent dream clad in glittering generalities. "Destiny" he regarded as a specious synonym for expediency, and he hated expediency. Washington's warning against Europeanizing influences was still to him a real warning. He had no delusions respecting the character of American republicanism or democracy, and he writes with scorn of "a large class of persons who seem to consider that the tendency of all republics is toward anarchy." When the Church allies herself with the conservatism that wishes to keep things as they are, rather than coöperate with those who seek to have the world as it ought to be, no respect for "established institutions" keeps him silent. The evils that must come when America has no more free land were within his vision, as

they were in Macaulay's. In brief, he knew, and his anti-slavery writings constantly prove that he knew, that without that eternal vigilance which is always liberty's price, for these United States also was reserved the fate of dead nations:

"First Freedom, and then Glory — when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption, — barbarism at last.
And History, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but *one* page."

WALLACE RICE.

MORMONISM AND ITS FOUNDER.*

Without doubt, Abu Sufian marvelled how the crude practices and absurd pretensions of Mohammed could impose upon such an intelligent age as that in which he lived. So must the success of every movement that builds upon the superstition and the credulity of men cause the more rational members of the race to wonder and grow impatient. But that such movements did succeed in the nineteenth century, and are still succeeding in the electric-lighted dawn of the twentieth, is not of itself ground for discouragement. The fact shows only that there are still great numbers in even the most enlightened nations who are themselves far from sharing in the general illumination of their land and age. The gauge of advancing civilization is not the entire suppression of such movements, but their gradual restriction.

In the face of Dowie's New Jerusalem and other less patent delusions of the past decade, the success of the prophecy of Joseph Smith, Jr., is not incomprehensible. There are other elements involved besides the inherent gullibility and ignorance of the masses. Mr. Linn is unfortunate in opening his valuable book upon the Mormons with a chapter of very doubtful validity on the persistence of superstition. Indeed, he quotes with evident approval a declaration that the people of the United States and Great Britain are preëminently inclined to be "led to follow after crazy seers and seeresses." It does not seem to have occurred to him that the Mormon propaganda, being in the hands of uneducated missionaries largely, has been mainly confined to English-speaking countries, nor that any comparison of the relative success of the propaganda should be based on the number of missionaries and the population of the countries visited. It is sufficient for explanation of the success of Mormonism to admit that there are in both Anglo-Saxon countries great numbers susceptible to the appeals of the grossest superstitions and of the most irrational cupidity.

It is certainly difficult for any American to treat the history of Mormonism without passion, and Mr. Linn cannot lay claim to having done so. If Mormonism were merely a system of beliefs, even though grossly superstitious, it ought to be possible for an enlightened citizen to depict it impartially. But involving, as it confessedly does, opposition to our government and violation of our standards of social morality, it seems almost necessary to depatriate oneself in order to treat the subject dispassionately. So, while Mr. Linn must be convicted of manifesting prejudice against the institution he describes, it is hard to blame him for it, especially since it appears that he gives a full hearing to both sides and bases his account in large measure upon esoteric Mormon sources.

Mormonism is a system of religious and of socialistic beliefs and practices. It must be studied not only from the standpoint of comparative religion, but also from that of sociology, and, as Mr. Riley thinks, from the standpoint of psychology as well. Mr. Linn has undertaken to give such an outward chronicle and account of the origin and growth of the institution. His sources are chiefly the Mormon journals, the diaries and biographies of their leaders, their religious books, and the accounts of various inside authorities, supplemented by the accounts of certain seceders and of United States documents. His reference to his sources is constant and entirely adequate. No vital statement regarding belief or deed lacks confirmatory citations, mostly from Mormon sources. Mr. Linn has not gone so far in this respect as Mr. H. H. Bancroft, who permitted Mormon leaders to dictate his account in the main, giving qualifications almost wholly in foot-notes. And of course Mr. Bancroft, who was writing a history of Utah, does not devote so much space to the beginnings of the sect as does Mr. Linn. His "Story of the Mormons" ought to be a definitive history of the sect down to the time of the migration to Utah, at least for non-Mormon readers. There is not much in it that is new, but it takes a middle path between those unfortunate accounts that have appealed to the prurient public taste for "un-

*THE STORY OF THE MORMONS, from the Date of their Origin to the Year 1901. By William Alexander Linn. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE FOUNDER OF MORMONISM. A Psychological Study of Joseph Smith, Jr. By I. Woodbridge Riley. With an Introductory Preface by George Trumbull Ladd. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

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attempt to explain the "miracle" of Mormon success on the basis of human gullibility and superstition. He fails to give sufficient weight to the socialistic and communistic fascinations of the Mormon plans. Neither does he take fairly into consideration the immense advantage the Mormons gained by keeping on the advancing border of settlement and civilization. By so doing they appealed to the restless, the dissatisfied, and the adventurous, while at the same time they profitted by the generosity of the government in the bestowal of the public domain. And finally, Mr. Linn forgets that seventy years are but a moment in the history of institutions and societies and religions. He does, however, note that Mormonism cannot stand still and persist; that it does not draw adherents from its immediate neighbors; and that the restriction of the public domain is likely to reduce greatly—has, indeed, already reduced — the additions from foreign countries. These are considerations which may warrant the expectation of a different development for Mormonism by the time it completes its first century.

Although one may question, in the case of

the problem of the Mormon. This is Mr. Riley's inquiry, main purpose to ex Chapters IV. and "The Author's Men that Smith's environ needed for the pro sions, there is an e issuance of the lang mon from such an Joseph Smith, Jr. ducing Rigdon as a Spaulding's "Manus translation of the G quite right in calling tween the Mormon But his conclusion is based upon three are weak or more tha ilarity between the ing's Indian migrati Bible." This no on lulu MS. is plainl Found," which, it basis for the Morm

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"There is no luck,
No fate, no fortune for us, but the old
Unanswering and inviolable price
Gets paid: God sells himself eternally,
But never gives a crust."

The long narrative poem, "Captain Craig," serves as the chief vehicle of Mr. Robinson's theory of life. Captain Craig is to outward seeming a disreputable enough person, but we, who make his acquaintance through the good offices of the poet, are permitted to know him in his true character, which may be roughly described as combining some

The prophet and the poet, the crown-bearer,
Must yet with Love's unhonored fortitude
Survive to cherish and attain for us
The candor and the generosity,
By leave of which we smile if we bring back
Some first ideal flash that wakened us
When wisdom like a shaft of dungeon-light
Came searching down to find us."

This is fine, and even finer is the following passage from Captain Craig's last will and testament, in which document he bequeaths "God's universe" to his friends:

"Courage, my boys,—courage, is what you need:
Courage that is not all flesh-recklessness
But earnest of the world and of the soul—
First of the soul; for a man may be as brave
As Ajax in the fury of his arms,
And in the midmost warfare of his thoughts
Be frail as Paris . . . For the love, therefore,
That brothered us when we stood back that day
From Delium—the love that holds us now
More than it held us at Amphipolis—
Forget you not that he who in his work
Would mount from these low roads of measured shame
To tread the leagueless highway must fling first
And fling for evermore beyond his reach
The shackles of a slave who doubts the sun.
There is no servitude so fraudulent
As of a sun-shut mind; for 'tis the mind
That makes you craven or invincible,
Diseased or puissant. The mind will pay
Ten thousandfold and be the richer then
To grant new service; but the world pays hard

The "Poems" of M include the contents gether with a new col sody, and Other Poem is the finest of the new by the following grou

"Name me a poet who h
He is thy lover, ever
With thee forgetting w
The nightly sorrow f
How oft our lyric r
Looked last upon t
Oh, would that I were

"Oh, to be kin to Keats
Shares the same Rom
Near to the bloom th
Where bees, like linger
Where the proud p
To brighter glory b
Gives Cestius his longe

"Or, in loved Florence, t
Our trinity of singers
To neighbor lordly L
And her, our later siby
Oh, tell me—not th
But their Italian h
Won for their dust tha
wide!

"So might I lie where B
My 'Italy' for all th
Like his on the palazzo

the Book of Mormon is just what might be expected of Smith, and tallies with his other synchronous writings." There is not sufficient evidence that Smith produced independently any of the writings attributed to him, but on the contrary it is probable that Rigdon wrote or edited most of Smith's "revelations" and other writings. "The style of the Book of Mormon is not that of Rigdon, and Rigdon would not have lent himself to a fraud." The style is in any case an assumed style, and Rigdon was scholar enough to assume it, while Smith was not. Moreover, Rigdon was Smith's willing tool, held, perhaps, by hypnotic control.

Mr. Riley's work contains an excellent bibliography, and is interesting both for its independent spirit and for its attempt to apply psychology in a scientific manner to the interpretation of historical and anthropological problems.

W. H. Carruth.

Recent Poetry.*

A slender volume of verse was put forth several years ago by Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson, and the few into whose hands it came, if they had any skill in literary discernment, felt that the voice that addressed them was at least distinctively individual, and took pleasure in an utterance that seemed to scorn rhetorical trickery, and came arrayed in the strength of sincerity and truth. The numbers were bare almost to harshness, and they made little appeal to the fancy or the imaginative sense, but they had qualities of earnestness and vitality that arrested the attention and impressed the memory. Now, after a long period of silence, Mr. Robinson has given us "Captain Craig: A Book of Poems," and the impression made by the earlier collection is intensified. He has a philosophy of life, not clearly formulated in all respects, but traceable in its main outlines, and clearly held with the deepest conviction. It is a philosophy for which we should say that Walt Whitman was in large measure responsible, and in which Browning would seem also to have had a hand, supplying the dramatic quality and the element of sardonic humor of which the "Leaves of Grass" is quite guiltless. It is the philosophy of the free spirit that has given no hostages to the conventional life, and that seeks to divest from their adventitious trappings the fundamental verities of existence. If we can do this, and look the world squarely in the face, and realize that the subjective factor must play its part in the game, we shall find that it is a good world after all. But if we assume a supine or a merely receptive attitude, and trust to luck, we shall be the failures that we deserve to be.

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> "Courage is not enough to make men glad
> For laughter when that laughter is itself
> The tribute of recriminating groans;
> Nor are the shapes of obsolescent creeds
> Much longer to flit near enough to make
> Men glad for living in a world like this;
> But wisdom, courage, knowledge, and the faith
> Which has the soul and is the soul of reason—
> These are the world's achievers. And the child—
> The child that is the saviour of all ages,

* Captain Craig. A Book of Poems. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Apollo and Keats on Browning: A Fantasy, and Other Poems. By Clifford Lanier. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Poems. By Robert Underwood Johnson. New York: The Century Co.

The Death of Sir Launcelot, and Other Poems. By Condé Benoist Pallen. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

John McGovern's Poems. Evanston: William S. Lord.

The Hermitage, and Random Verses. By Dayton Ervin. New York: The Grafton Press.

Sonnets and Songs for a House of Days. By Christian Binkley. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

Songs of the Press, and Other Adventures in Verse. By Bailey Millard. San Francisco: Elder & Shepard.

The Sunset Song, and Other Verses. By Elizabeth Akers. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The Great Procession, and Other Verses for and about Children. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

A Reed by the River. Poems by Virginia Woodward Cloud. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

The Dancers, and Other Legends and Lyrics. By Edith M. Thomas. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

The Hours of the Passion, and Other Poems. By Harriet E. Hamilton-King. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Woman Who Went to Hell, and Other Ballads and Lyrics. By Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter). London: The De la More Press.

A Christmas Post. By Lady Lindsay. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.

Song and Story. By Lilian Street. London: David Nutt.

A Tale of True Love, and Other Poems. By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Moods and Outdoor Verses. By Richard Askham. San Francisco: Elder & Shepard.

English Lyrics of a Finnish Harp. By Herman Montague Donner. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

India's Love Lyrics. Collected and arranged in verse by Laurence Hope. New York: John Lane.

The prophet and the poet, the crown-bearer,
Must yet with Love's unhonored fortitude
Survive to cherish and attain for us
The candor and the generosity,
By leave of which we smile if we bring back
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"Courage, my boys,—courage, is what you need:
Courage that is not all flesh-recklessness
But earnest of the world and of the soul—
First of the soul; for a man may be as brave
As Ajax in the fury of his arms,
And in the midmost warfare of his thoughts
Be frail as Paris . . . For the love, therefore,
That brothered us when we stood back that day
From Delium—the love that holds us now
More than it held us at Amphipolis—
Forget you not that he who in his work
Would mount from these low roads of measured shame
To tread the leagueless highway must fling first
And fling for evermore beyond his reach
The shackles of a slave who doubts the sun.
There is no servitude so fraudulent
As of a sun-shut mind; for 'tis the mind
That makes you craven or invincible,
Diseased or puissant. The mind will pay
Ten thousandfold and be the richer then
To grant new service; but the world pays hard
And accurately sickens till in years
The dole has eked its end and there is left
What all of you are noting on all days
In these Athenian streets, where squandered men
Drag ruins of half-warriors to the grave—
Or to Hippocrates."

We have no space in which to discuss the remaining poems in Mr. Robinson's volume. They are often impressive in their direct appeal to the fundamental emotions, but none of them equals the titular poem in interest.

"Apollo and Keats on Browning," by Mr. Clifford Lanier, is a fantasy more noticeable for art than for poetic quality. The verses are too ragged to pass muster with even the least censorious of critics. There is far more pleasure to be derived from some of Mr. Lanier's less pretentious pieces. There are, for example, the pretty lines that close his ode to the mocking-bird, "The American Philomel."

"An alabaster box of music's nard
Upon the feet of Love thou shatterest:
These drops of dew are fragrant with its sweet,
These pendent boughs seem blessing hands;
Out of grim shadow benedictions come;
Moonlight like Christ's forgiveness beams;
Thy heavenly throatings whisper to the soul
Undying faith, supernal,—
Love eternal."

Mr. Lanier is also happy in his handling of some of the briefer forms of verse, as this quatrain on Poe will indicate.

"Dreaming along the haunted shore of time
And mad that sea's Æolian song to sing,
He found the shell of beauty, rhythmic rhyme,
And fondly deemed its sheen a living thing."

The "Poems" of Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson include the contents of two previous volumes, together with a new collection entitled "Italian Rhapsody, and Other Poems." This "Italian Rhapsody" is the finest of the new pieces, and may be illustrated by the following group of stanzas:

"Name me a poet who has trod thy soil;
He is thy lover, ever hastening back,
With thee forgetting weariness and toil,
The nightly sorrow for the daily lack.
How oft our lyric race
Looked last upon thy face!
Oh, would that I were worthy thus to die in thy embrace!

"Oh, to be kin to Keats as urn with urn
Shares the same Roman earth!—to sleep, apart,
Near to the bloom that once was Shelley's heart,
Where bees, like lingering lovers, re-return;
Where the proud pyramid,
To brighter glory bid,
Gives Cestius his longed-for fame, marking immortal Art.

"Or, in loved Florence, to repose beside
Our trinity of singers! Fame enough
To neighbor lordly Landor, noble Clough,
And her, our later sibyl, sorrow-eyed.
Oh, tell me—not their arts
But their Italian hearts
Won for their dust that narrow oval, than the world more wide!

"So might I lie where Browning should have lain,
My 'Italy' for all the world to read,
Like his on the palazzo. For thy pain,
In losing from thy rosary that bead,
England accords thee room
Around his minster tomb—
A province conquered of thy soul, and not an Arab slain!"

This last touch tells us what Mr. Johnson thinks of the needless warfare that has blackened the history of the last few years. He has a very definite notion of the real nature of "the white man's burden," as the following lines attest:

"What is the White Man's burden—
The burden of his song
That once was 'Peace and Justice;
The Weak beside the Strong'?
He falters in the singing
At memory of the wrong.

"What though our vaunt of Freedom
Must evermore be mute,
And the trading of men's vices
Drag both below the brute?
So bribe new ships to bring it—
The White Man's burden—loot!"

"The Death of Sir Launcelot, and Other Poems," by Mr. Condé Benoist Pallen, is a much more satisfactory volume than the one which we reviewed a year or so ago. There are passages of really fine inspiration and glowing beauty, yet in a broad sense the work is imitative—of Tennyson and others. These are the opening lines of the opening poem:

"At Canterbury seven years a monk
Sir Launcelot had abode. For Arthur passed,
And all the goodly fellowship of knights
Broken and scattered through his mighty sin
With Guinevere, he sought to purge his guilt
By prayers and fasting and the biting scourge
Within the holy life, till chastened love,
Freed from the clogging dross of earthly passion,
Leap a shooting flame upward to Heaven."

The last of these lines illustrates Mr. Pallen's chief fault. He either has an incurably defective ear, or is inexcusably careless. It would have been so easy to write

"Leap like a shooting flame upward to Heaven."

We should set this down for a mere slip in proof-reading, were it not that similarly defective lines are of frequent occurrence. The opening poem is followed by a series of quatrains "To Omar Khayyam," of which one example may be given.

"Knowledge may reach from shining star to star,
Enthroned on three-winged Saturn sit afar,
And still as distant be from Wisdom's house
As when it beat against this lower bar."

The burden of this poem is the emptiness of skepticism to him who views life from the calm haven of the Catholic faith. The following fine sonnet pictures the shame that has come to us as a nation in our dealings with Spain and its possessions:

"We gave a solemn pledge, and called on Heaven
To hear; our arms, we swore, were Freedom's own,
Our valour sprung from her chaste bosom; given
To Freedom consecrate, and her alone;
To Freedom's cause for ever, and her levin
We forged upon the footsteps of her throne;
Her sword unclasping from her zone,
She placed within her hands, and blessed us shriven.

"O solemn mockery of her holy trust!
Our troth forgot and slaked our noble zeal,
Our brittle honour shattered in the dust!
A riotous people drunk with Conquest's lust,
In bacchanalian rout we onward reel,
And 'gainst her turn her own ensanguined steel."

The poets, at least, remain true when others fail us, and the future historian will turn to them, rather than to the time-serving political writers of the hour, for the just estimate of the present dark period in our national annals.

Mr. John McGovern is an old-time journalist of Chicago who has essayed various forms of literary composition, and is the author of at least one striking piece of fiction. The "Poems" which he has just collected into a little book are evidently the product of occasional impulse rather than of set poetic purpose, and include the work of upwards of a score of years. Short pieces in blank verse make up the greater part of the collection. We select the very last thing in the volume, this descrip- of sunshine after storm:

"The storm recedes, the sun shines out, the clouds,
Like fallen fortresses, their portals ope
Before the flight of earthward-hurrying beams—
And lo! the couriers with their victory!
The music of the herd comes o'er the mead
In homely cow-bell tones, as rude to-day
As in Pan's time. The clover-synod kneels—
Each tiny bishop's mitre lit with gems—
And silken rustles fill the aisles of corn,
As though the wives of modern Pharisees
Passed to their public prayer. Behind a gorge
Of ether icebergs, Hope, at azure loom,
In warp of sun-rays with a woof of rain,
Arches her rainbow web upon the black
That curtains all the east, where crowds the storm."

This is finely imagined, and does not suffer from what is the chief fault of Mr. McGovern's writing—the tendency to strain after effects and to indulge in over-ornamented language.

It is rather for the excellence of their intentions than for any poetic merit they possess that we quote the following lines on "Columbia" from Mr. Dayton Ervin's "The Hermitage and Random Verses."

"Decked with rare jewels, wealth at her command,
Her stately bearing stands them all in awe.
How proudly flash her cold gray eyes, with hand
Upon the helm of state, the queen of law!
The pride of self is written on her brow;
Those tell-tale life-marks on her handsome face
Are where her broken promises made trace:
This is Columbia as she is now.

"In olden days a young fair maiden stood,
The rich embodiment of strength and youth;
Her sunny face emitted rays of good
For all, so strong her love for man and truth.
At her no finger pointed with distrust,
For young Columbia was not for lust."

Mr. Ervin has not the gift of song, and there is hardly a trace of poetic art in his collection of verses.

Those who are accustomed to survey our current activity in verse-making cannot fail to be impressed by the amount of work that comes from the Pacific Coast. Not much of this work is distinguished by fine craftmanship, or has the arresting quality of enduring song, but most of it is the product of sincere endeavor, and the amount of the output speaks well for literary conditions in the far West. One of the best books that have recently reached us from this section is Mr. Christian Binkley's volume of "Sonnets and Songs for a House of Days." Mr. Binkley's songs are creditable, and his sonnets are more than creditable, as the following example will show:

"Why linger, Love, within the vale below
Amid the dews and lamps? The view is wide,
Upon the lofty Peak, and I shall guide
To regions of delight none else may know.
Green is the valley, pleasant in its flow
The river with the rushes at its side,
The meadows with their violets blue and pied
And shadows that forever come and go.
But fairer are the heights that we shall tread,
Brighter the sunset splendors that uprear
Their minarets of gold, the stars outspread
Lordly at night. Then tremble not, nor fear
O Love, to come: its beauty will be fled
And all the joy be pain save thou be near."

Mr. Binkley's pieces are arranged in a sequence suggestive of "an outline of life and a progressive criticism upon it." He further says: "I have let the poems fall into some sort of order in an approximation to what seemed to me when they were written a just and central conception of a man's relation to his surroundings, — arranging as it were, a few details of the story of this wrestling match of ours in the dawn."

Mr. Bailey Millard is another Californian poet, and his "Songs of the Press" recount in light vein the humors of the reportorial calling. This plaint of the unappreciated underling concerning the "star writer" will find an echo in the heart of many a budding journalist:

"They let him sign his scroll-work and it swells him like a bladder,
And he thinks that he's a genius on the write;
But when it comes to merit he's not three rounds up the ladder;
For he couldn't smell a story if 'twas near enough to bite.
Oh, the star, oh, the star,
Oh, the overrated star!
And they give him my best copy to rewrite!

"There are men in every station travelling on their reputation,
But at that game he can give 'em cards and spades;
He will fall down on a story without any hesitation,
And still keep on a-shining, for his glory never fades.
Oh, the star, oh, the star,
Oh, the empty-headed star!
He has nothing but his halo, and that never, never fades."

Mr. Millard is also a writer of serious verse, for these songs of the pressroom and the desk make up only about a third of his volume. The remaining contents reveal him as a singer of parts, whether his inspiration be the life of the open air or that which comes from books. His tribute to "Muir of the Mountains" shall pay tribute to this notice.

"A lean, wild-haired, wild-bearded craggy man,
Wild as a Modoc and as unafraid,
A man to go his way with no man's aid,
Yet sweet and soft of heart as any maid.

"Sky-loving, stalwart as the sugar-pine,
Clean, simple, fragrant as that noble tree,
A mountain man, and free as they are free
Who tread the heights and know tranquillity."

There is a ringing and virile quality about Mr. Millard's best verse that will produce a reaction in the most sluggish of readers. The cast of his thought is not pale, but ruddy with the glow of spiritual health.

The spirit of old New England, with its landscape, its legend, and its life of spiritual stress, breathes from the volume in which Mrs. Elizabeth Akers has collected the verse of many years. The author has now passed her seventieth birthday, and has for more than forty years been widely known by the lines called "Rock Me to Sleep," of which the authorized version is here printed, with a note describing its singular fortunes. With this exception, the contents of "The Sunset Song and Other Verses" are matter which has been hitherto unpublished. Thus we have some three hundred pages of new song, tender and true as to sentiment, and rather unusual as to its mastery of many forms of verse. We take for our extract the piece entitled "Cruel and Sweet."

"'Cruel and sweet, his hands reach down to hell'—
Thus sang the Celtic bard of Love's strong spell,

"And his wild wailing words of passionate pain
Were heard by lonely rocks and moaning main

"Long, long ago,—yet still as true they be
As when they saddened first the sighing sea.

"His vows are as the fickle winds that pass;
His oaths are brittle as the frosted grass.

"The gifts he brings are made of fairy gold
Which turns to dead leaves ere the day is old.

"Who wears his flowery fetters, oft must bear
Pain, sore denial, poverty, and care;

"Must give up pleasure, peace, and selfish ease,
For wearying tasks and thankless ministries.

"Often he wrongs the fondest faith and trust
And brings the proudest forehead to the dust.

"He dooms to exile, or to prison cell;
'Cruel and sweet, his hands reach down to hell.'—

"Yet, O sad singer, think awhile and tell—
Reach they not also up to heaven as well?"

Another New England singer, beloved of a past generation, is Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, who from her Deer Island home in the Merrimac still puts forth her books from year to year. The latest of her books is called "The Great Procession," and is a collection of songs of childhood, exquisite in fancy and delightful in expression. Some stanzas from "The Land of Story Books" shall place this verdict beyond a doubt.

"The moment she blows out the light
And all is dark and cool about,
And through the window quickly peers
A great star sparkling in and out,
By foaming brooks and mossy nooks,
I find the land of Story Books.

. . . . . .

"Harry and Lucy go with me
Rollo, and boys and girls a troop,
Sindbad the Sailor follows us
When in Aladdin's Cave we stoop,
And, sometimes then we, little men,
See dear Hans Christian Andersen.

. . . . . .

"And sinking into downy clouds
Strange seems the Pilgrim going by
With Great Heart, strange seems Crusoe's face,
And strange the Land of Nod should lie
With hushing brooks and pillowed nooks
So near the land of Story Books."

This is as charming as Stevenson at his best, and stands in marked contrast to the artificial songs of childhood that fill so many of our modern books and magazines for the young.

"A Reed by the River," which is the title of Miss Virginia Woodward Cloud's volume of poems, suggests plaintive or piercing melody, with a touch of inspiration from classical themes. The suggestions are not borne out by any particular piece among the contents, but are realized in the general tenor of the poet's song, which is noteworthy for its musical deliverance and its haunting sense of natural beauty. The irregular sonnet called "Dusk" is an example of Miss Cloud's most melodious and felicitous diction.

"Beyond the burning rhapsody of noon,
The wind's elusive harp-note in the trees,
Between the sunset and the primrose noon,
There is a rapture all unknown of these,—
The harmony of twilight, Nature's note,
Prolonged, pellucid, subtler far than song,
Bearing the lifted soul till it doth float
Upon the heart of night and find it strong;
Against this bar the tides of tumult fail
And waves slip back into a silent deep;
The world, beneath a white and windless sail,
Drifts outward to the vaster sea of sleep,
And thought, starlike, doth rise above Time's shoal
To find thee still—thou starlight of my soul!"

We should like to quote, for the sake of contrast, and to illustrate a very different manner of the author, "The Ballad of Sweet P," which tells how Miss Penelope Penwick on the Christmas eve of 1776, beguiled the British officers at Trenton into forgetfulness of their duties until fate came upon them from across the Delaware. It is a capital poem, spirited and dramatic, which should prove an effective addition to the repertoire of the reciter.

We have not had a volume from Miss Edith Thomas for some years, and it is a pleasure to renew acquaintance with so sincere and thoughtful a singer. "The Dancers and Other Legends and Lyrics" is a collection of pieces that have much of the old charm, although the note seems at times a little worn. We care less for the group of legendary narratives with which the volume opens than for the nature-lyrics and reflective pieces that follow. The two quatrains of "Mirage" have particularly attracted our attention.

"Treasure the shadow. Somewhere, firmly-based,
Arise those turrets that in cloud-land shine;
Somewhere, to thirsty toilers of the waste;
Yon phantom well-spring is a living sign.

"Treasure the shadow. Somewhere, past thy sight,
Past all men's sight, waits the true heaven at last:
Tell them whose fear would put thy hope to flight,
There are no shadows save from substance cast."

A typical illustration of the clear-cut expression which we expect from Miss Thomas is furnished by the poem called "Caprice of the Muses."

"Of old the Muses sat on high,
And heard and judged the songs of men;
On one they smiled, who loitered by,
Of toiling ten, they slighted ten.

"'They lightly serve who serve us best,
Nor know they how the task was done;
We Muses love a soul at rest,
But violence and toil we shun.'

"If men say true, the Muses now
Have changed their ancient habitude,
And would be served with knitted brow,
And stress and toil each day renewed.

"So each one with the other vies,
Of those who weave romance or song:
'On us, O Muse, bestow the prize,
For we have striven well and long!'

"And yet methinks I hear the heat
Come murmuring down from Helicon:
'They lightly serve who serve us best,
Nor know they how the task was done!'"

The noble poem called "Palingenesis" portrays the growth of the soul of man, through all the stages of evolution, to the full self-consciousness of its divine origin.

"Wild is the life of the wave, and free is the life of the air,
And sweet is the life of the measureless pastures, unburdened of care;
They have all been mine, I upgather them all in the being of man,
Who knoweth, at last, that the God hath dwelt in him since all life began!
My heritage draw I from these—I love though I leave them behind;
But shall I not speak for the dumb, and lift up my sight for the blind?
I am kin to the least that inhabits the air, the waters, the clod.
They wist not what bond is between us, who know not the Indwelling God!
For under my hands alone the charactered Past hath he laid,
One moment to scan ere it fall like a scroll into ashes and fade!
Enough have I read to know and declare—my ways he will keep,
If onward I go, or again in a fold of his garment I sleep!"

This is suggestive of some of the later poems of Tennyson, and has, if possible, a higher spiritual reach and a deeper message.

It is many years since we have had a volume of verse bearing the name of Mrs. Hamilton-King, but the author of "The Disciples" is in no danger of being forgotten. We cannot say that "The Hours of the Passion and Other Poems" is as precious a possession as the volume that enshrines the soul of Mazzini and the devotion of his followers, but we can say that it deserves a high place among the poetry of refined religious emotion. "The Garden of the Holy Souls" is a typical example of Mrs. King's work, and is fortunately not too long for quotation in full.

"In Thy garden, in Thy garden, though the rain
Fall, and the winds beat there,
And they stand unsheltered, piteous, in the storm,
They who were once so fair.

"In Thy garden of the souls, where Thou art gardener,
Thou Who wast once so mild,
Now pruning down to naked stems and leafless
The roses that ran wild.

"Oh, Thy roses once waved in the wind so sweetly,
Though thick with thorns beset;
In the morning sunshine opening, and at evening
With cool dews wet.

"In Thy garden, where Thou walkest as a warder,
How poor, how small they stand;
Yet once their beauty, to the hearts that loved them,
Lighted the living land.

"In Thy garden, where no smile of Thine is granted,
Yet keep within Thy heart,
A place in Paradise for these transplanted,
Still with Thee where Thou art.

"In Thy garden, in Thy garden, where Thy roses
Without a thorn are sweet,
And each poor branch in endless wreaths encloses
To kiss Thy feet!"

The note of tender and exalted mysticism which is struck by the best of these poems is not unlike that which inspires the religious verse of Christina Rossetti, and no higher praise than this could well be given.

Mrs. Shorter's new ballads, particularly "The Woman Who Went to Hell" and "Earl Roderick's Bride," are striking compositions, and have much of the true flavor of the old-time form which they seek to imitate. The legends are particularly fitted for this treatment, and the impression is clean-cut and deep. It is useless to attempt to quote from them, but the thin volume yields two lyrics sufficiently brief for that purpose, and of the two we have chosen "The Watcher in the Wood."

"Deep in the wood's recesses cool
I see the fairy dancers glide,
In cloth of gold, in gown of green,
My lord and lady side by side.

"But who has hung from leaf to leaf—
From flower to flower a silken twine,
A cloud of grey that holds the dew
In globes of clear enchanted wine?

"Or stretches far from branch to branch,
From thorn to thorn, in diamond rain,
Who caught the cup of crystal pure
And hung so far the shining chain?

"'Tis death, the spider, in his net,
Who lures the dancers as they glide,
In cloth of gold, in gown of green,
My lord and lady side by side."

A word of praise must be given to the fine frontispiece, illustrative of the titular ballad, with which the book is adorned.

Lady Lindsay's new volume, "A Christmas Posy," is chiefly made up of carols and songs in the conventional manner and with the usual artifical accessories of shepherds and flocks and angels. The songs are informed by sincere feeling, and are prettily expressed.

"By Nazareth's green hills and dales,
There where the wild red lilies blow,
Down to the shore among dusky vales,
The young child Jesus once did go.
(*Then see, then see,*
On lattice and ledge our garlands be
The ivy bush and the holly tree.)"

A particularly charming feature of the volume is afforded by a selection of old French Noels (with a few German examples also), given us in both text and translation. What seems to us the loveliest of Lady Lindsay's lyrics is that called "At Eventide" — too long to quote, and too much an organic unity to represent by an excerpt.

A little more than a year ago we found it pleasant to read and to say a good word for an anonymous little book of verse called "Heartsease." A second volume is now at hand from the same author, who now reveals her identity as Miss Lilian Street. It is a volume of pretty sentimental trifles, of which "An Evening Ride" is a good example.

"The day's late light on the downland
Lingers, and gleams, and glows;
The cloud-drifts hurrying seawards
Magical dreams disclose.

"The North wind full in our faces
Cuts like the chill of pain—
Yet, say, shall the day's best beauty
Speak to you all in vain?

"My heart to your heart would whisper
Some hope, if that might be—
But I pray that you hold my silence
The better sympathy."

Evening seems to prove the best inspiration of this writer, for it inspires not only the charming lyric just quoted, but also this equally charming sonnet:

"Across the fields of lavender they stole,
The sweetest bells that ever called to prayer,
Or charmed the peevish ear, or filled the soul
With short forgetfulness of narrow care.
They marked the hour when purple shadows creep;
And homing birds fly low with nesting song;
When sunset clouds athwart the heavens sweep
In folds of amber light, the summer long.
Sweet bells, that I shall never hear again!
They ring for me a memory too dear,
Of sunset hours that held for me no pain,
Of love-voiced birds it then was joy to hear:
Hence 'neath the amber skies afar, I sigh
For fragrant fields and childhood's melody."

It has always seemed to us that Mr. Alfred Austin has been unfairly dealt with by the critics. They have never forgiven him for the crime of being made Laureate at a time when greater poets were still living in England. Yet the appointment was on the whole fairly creditable and peculiarly distinguished by a sense of fitness. An avowed republican or a pronounced socialist — to mention the only two really great poets among his contemporaries — could not well have been made the official poet of the English monarchy, and among the many possible candidates remaining, Mr. Austin's claim was as good as that of most of his fellows. He could not help it, poor man, if he was not the peer of Tennyson and Wordsworth; he had been conscientiously engaged in producing the best literature of which he was capable during a period of nearly half a century, and had to his credit, besides several prose volumes of unquestionable charm, a large body of verse that was always respectable and sometimes distinguished. Since his occupancy of the laureateship, he has now and then rashly rushed into print, offering the public what was journalism rather than poetry, but he has sometimes risen to the occasion presented, and struck an unexceptionable note. Take, for example, the quatrain called "Winter Violets," the lines laid upon the bier of the late Queen at Osborne, and see if they are not both graceful and appropriate.

"Here are sad flowers, with wintry weeping wet,
Dews of the dark that drench the violet.
Thus over her, whom death yet more endears,
Nature and man together blend their tears."

These verses are found at the close of Mr. Austin's latest volume, "A Tale of True Love, and Other Poems," dedicated to the President of the United States, and introduced by a preface which recalls the author's long and steadfast friendship for our people. We have taken no little pleasure in the contents of this volume, a pleasure due chiefly to the two Italian poems, "Florence" and "In the Forum." We reproduce the final stanzas of the latter of these poems.

"Here, even in the noontide glare,
The gods, recumbent, take their ease;
Go look, and you will find them there,
Slumbering behind some fallen frieze.

"But most, when sunset glow hath paled,
And come, as now, the twilight hour,
In vesper vagueness dimly veiled
I feel their presence and their power.

"What though their temples strew the ground,
And to the ruin owls repair,
Their home, their haunt, is all around;
They drive the cloud, they ride the air.

"And, when the planets wend their way
'Along the never-aging skies,
'Revere the gods,' I hear them say;
'The gods are old, the gods are wise.'

"Build as man may, Time gnaws and peers
Through marble fissures, granite rents;
Only Imagination rears
Imperishable monuments.

"Let Goth and Gaul pollute the shrine,
Level the altar, fire the fane:
There is no razing the divine;
The gods return, the gods remain."

The narrative poem which gives a title to the volume tells of a disappointed lover who goes to the war in South Africa. We quote one stanza.

"But with the morrow's dawn there came the tidings
How that a crafty, freedom-loathing race,
Its schemes unmasked, had come from out its hidings,
And flung defiance in its suzerain's face,
Then on his open territories burst,
Proclaiming these annexed unto its rule accursed."

This is not remarkable as poetry, but it presents a political truth which the Boer partisans have done their best to obscure. It may well give pause to those who have traduced a nation that has fought at once for the defense of her territory and for the fundamental liberties that all men of English blood must ever hold dear under penalty of being false to their birthright.

Mr. Richard Askham is a young Englishman who visited America a few years ago, making a considerable stay in California, and who now publishes a small volume of poems containing a number of reminiscences of his stay in the West. The volume is called "Moods and Outdoor Verses," and is introduced to us by Mr. Edwin Markham in a prefatory note. It is a book characterized by both thought and imagination, and it is pleasant to think that the inspiration of Mr. Askham's song is due in part to his sojourn upon this side of the Atlantic. The poem called "Reality" expresses a mood that is known in the experience of every reflective mind.

"Rare is that blossom of sweet memory
The dreamer's vision, out of days forgot
Mystically remembered and reborn
In eager, active-fingered, arduous days,
Yet never to be native there again.

"Dream who may dream! Rarer the ringing act
Chiming with act in perfect parallel
And building up invincible success,
Rounded as lies a poem on the pages
And perfect as a song. Dream who would dream!
But here's the marble of reality,
And dreams may go.

"But when the deed is done,
What is the thing accomplished? Is't a flower,
A star, a passion, this accomplished thing?
Something to ring forever and for aye,
To burn and throb and blossom in God's hand
Until the ages cease? Or is it but
Handfuls of barren ashes and vain dust?"

Mr. Askham is a poet from whom we shall gladly hear again.

Mr. Herman Montague Donner's "English Lyrics of a Finnish Harp" include a number of translations from Topelius and Runeberg (including the "Sveaborg" of Fänrik Staal), as well as the author's original verse. Mr. Donner has vigor, and imagination, and fine idealism, but the technique of English versification is beyond his powers. A sonnet called "Amber" may be given for our example of his work.

"Once flew a frail, ephemeral, bright thing
Among the pines of Finland's ancient shore.
'Mid trembling shadows did it glance and soar
Till, near some trunk too near adventuring,
Ensnarèd was its iridescent wing
By oozing gum. Thus, stayed for evermore,
The spread wings glowed; and suns passed before
A pick their amber shrine to light did bring.

"E'en so sometimes from out the poet's dreams,
'Mid hinted truths and half-seen similes,
Some thought elusive through the shadows gleams.
Then, seizing on it, his clear rhapsodies
The bard pours round it, and, o'erjoyed, redeems
A fragment of the world's lost solaces."

It is a pretense easy of penetration that would have us think of Mr. Laurence Hope's collection of "India's Love Lyrics" as translations, or even paraphrases, of Eastern originals. The title-page admits that Mr. Hope has "collected and arranged" these poems; it might as well have said outright that he is their author. They are Indian in theme, no doubt, and Indian in their warmth and color, as well as in their sentiment and imagery. Possibly a few of them have as their actual basis some folk-song or lyrical legend of the Orient. We have selected "Mahomed Akram's Appeal to the Stars" for our illustrative quotation.

"Oh, silver stars that shine on what I love,
Touch the soft hair and sparkle in the eyes,—
Send, from your calm serenity above,
Sleep to whom, sleepless, here, despairing lies.

"Broken, forlorn, upon the Desert sand
That sucks these tears, and utterly abased,
Looking across the lonely, level land,
With thoughts more desolate than any waste.

"Planets that shine on what I so adore,
Now thrown, the hour is late, in careless rest,
Protect that sleep, which I may watch no more,
I, the cast out, dismissed and dispossessed.

"Far in the hillside camp, in slumber lies
What my worn eyes worship but never see.
Happier stars! your myriad silver eyes
Feast on the quiet face denied to me.

"Loved with a love beyond all words or sense,
Lost with a grief beyond the saltest tear,
So lovely, so removed, remote, and hence
So doubly and so desperately dear!

"Stars! from your skies so purple and so calm,
That through the centuries your secrets keep,
Send to this worn-out brain some Occult Balm,
Send me, for many nights so sleepless, sleep.

"And ere the sunshine of the Desert jars
My sense with sorrow, and another day,
Through your soft Magic, oh, my Silver Stars!
Turn sleep to Death in some mysterious way."

This lovely poem is companioned by many others of equal loveliness, and the volume is indeed treasure-trove.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

Briefs on New Books.

Citizen Train's story of his life.

When a man of an experiencing nature (to use Walter Bagehot's phrase) yields to the autobiographic impulse, his book is pretty sure to be interesting, and is often instructive. Citizen George Francis Train's "My Life in Many States and in Foreign Lands" (Appleton) is not disappointing in these respects. His career is packed full of incident and adventure of the most diverting description; and though the lesson it teaches is not always the one he may have thought to convey, the reader cannot close the book without carrying away something to pay him for the time spent in its perusal. Despite the author's eccentricities, which the courts have declared to amount to insanity, he has a winsome personality, as the children that flock around him abundantly testify; and his book, with all its glorification of the writer, is pleasantly suggestive of his personality. Omitting the more important features of his history, features comparatively well known to the world, we may note one or two minor indications of character that please us. An enthusiastic admiration for Emerson is one of them. As a boy in Waltham, he first saw and heard the Concord lecturer. "I will come to lecture," wrote Emerson, "for $5 for myself, but ask you for four quarts of oats for my horse." The lecture was "Nature." It was young Train who, in 1847, sold Emerson his ticket to Europe and escorted him to the vessel. There is a good deal of the philosopher about Mr. Train. Living now on three dollars a week at the Mills Hotel on Bleecker street, which he chooses to call the Mills Palace, he says, "Here I am more contented than I was at Newport" — where the expenses of his villa amounted to $2000 a week. His propensity for getting into trouble with the powers that be is most amusing. Fifteen times, he tells us, he has been in jail, without a crime. A tendency to estimate men in terms of dollars and cents is not unnatural in this man of material achievement; yet he is not easily humbugged by mere display of wealth. The secret of his various successes in the world of commerce is probably found in his alertness, his Yankee ingenuity, his untiring energy, his abounding self-confidence, and his never-failing optimism. The book of this railroad-builder was written with railroad speed — dictated in thirty-five hours. But its marks of haste are not many; the worst is calling Wales an island.

An original psychology.

When a distinctively novel and fresh treatment of an important domain of human thought is brought forward, it is proper that the attention of students other than those specially appealed to by the subject in question should be directed toward the work that promises some newer insight, some unachieved vista of a fertile region. For such reason, the book of Mr. Gustav Spiller, which bears the title "The Mind of Man" (Macmillan), deserves an index-finger of importance and suggestiveness. Mr. Spiller has, unfortunately, seen fit to burden his exposition with an intelligible yet unfamiliar terminology, that may scare away many a possible reader, though doubtless it ought not to do so. The dominant motive that determines the unfoldment of the chapters, as well as the terminology, is the recognition of needs as the determinants of the human impulses, thoughts, and actions; in other words, it is the study of mental functions that gives the starting-point and the method to the psychologist's search. The variations that are composed upon this central theme, and the diversity of problems to which its expansion leads, are broad enough to warrant the sub-title, "A Text-book of Psychology." Mr. Spiller is a master in the art of introspection; and for whatever topic that mode of analysis is well adapted to bring to light the recondite relations of mental operations, the book may be counted upon to contribute something worthy, original, and interesting. It is in this respect that the pages frequently remind one of the spiciness (though the flavor is different) of the work of Professor James. Mr. Spiller takes little at second-hand; indeed, his manner of disposing of the opinions of former psychologists, were it not obviously sincere, would suggest disrespect. Yet the literature of the topic is clearly utilised and rather better recapitulated than in any other single work. Whether he is considering the evolution of habits and impulses, or the scope of memory, or the *rôle* of language, or the elaboration of the imagination, or the conditions imposed by the nervous system, or the fluctuations of function in disturbed or distorted mental states, or the world of dreams, or the significance of originality, or the province of æsthetics, or the paramount importance of attention in the distinctive thought-activities of man, the author carries with him the reader's interest by the vigor of his presentation, the suggestive pertinence of his illustrations, and the clearness of his purpose. As these characteristics are by no means sufficiently distinctive of any group of writers — psychologists included — to be regarded as commonplace, the volume may be emphatically recommended as one that is likely to bring many things to many men.

The outing of a poet laureate.

Mr. Alfred Austin's "The Haunts of Ancient Peace" (Macmillan) is the gentle prose narrative of a September outing taken by the four people of "The Garden That I Love." Lamia stipulates that their pilgrimage shall be only to shrines of *old* England; and here, as always, her word is law with the shadowy "I" who is the narrator. The places they visit are so vaguely featured as to defy identification; for "just as a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, so a slowly mouldering ruin, a village 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot,' a humble pious parsonage, a semi-feudal castle, do not lose their charm or their dignity because the material imagination calls them by a wrong appellation." The conversations of the four travellers

range from Shelley to the Papacy, but are too amiable, not to say artificial, to stir the reader's feeling. But that on Gladstone, by way of exception, is pointed enough to be somewhat irritating to the general reader. The poetry which caps several of the conversations — and the cheerful reader smiles in spite of himself at the amount of lugging it takes to get some of it in — is not different from Mr. Austin's other verse. "If Time Would Halt" shows his pensive-pious strain at nearly or quite its best, while "Willowweed and Meadowsweet" has genuine lyric flow and delicacy. Altogether the story moves in a tenuous, sublunary atmosphere. The people are not real, and cannot do or say real things. Their excursion is said to be a drive, and there is one reference to "conveyances" and "animals." But for any of the particularities of driving that are recorded, these literary pilgrims might have used their wings. Indeed, the reader would scarcely object if they had. The power of the book lies in the very atmosphere of unreality which it creates. The reader who accepts it at all must leave the "ephemeral fret, fume, and turmoil of to-day," and enter a region where reigns a hazily poetic peace, — not, perhaps, the England which Mr. Austin describes for him with a tender dimness, but at least a region which his own mind will create for him if he will once submit to the author's unstrenuous leading.

A volume of literary miscellanies.

A privately-printed volume of "Miscellanies," by Mr. Henry Strong, brings together the occasional addresses, papers, and other literary diversions of a man who has thought deeply upon many subjects, and who, without being a professional writer, has for nearly half a century brought a well-equipped intellect to bear upon many of the most serious human concerns. Mr. Strong has the professional training of the lawyer, although he has not practiced his profession for many years. Contact with large affairs and intercourse with many of the most distinguished men of his time have ripened his judgment and given weight to his ideas. The contents of this volume range all the way from his casual remarks upon the opening of the cable system of street railways in Chicago to his Supreme Court argument (1867) "Ex-Relatione Riggs *vs.* Johnston County" — a leading case of a generation ago. Several of the papers were prepared for the Chicago Literary Club, the Chicago Ethical Society, and the various legal associations which he has been invited to address. A number of them are personal tributes, among which are noteworthy the memorial addresses upon Justice Miller of the U. S. Supreme bench and Governor J. Sterling Morton, both of whom were intimate friends of the writer from his earliest years. The papers that are occupied with ethical and religious themes are liberal in their outlook and broad-minded in their conclusions. The open letter on the Philippine question is perhaps the most valuable single number of the collection, and ranges the writer with the convinced exponents of that fine older type of Americanism which our recent imperialistic debauch has brought into temporary disrepute.

The old missions of California.

There is no more interesting chapter in the history of colonization in the West than that which relates to the establishment, in the eighteenth century, of the Catholic Missions on the Pacific coast. In the year 1767 the Jesuits were expelled from Mexico and forced to abandon the missions they had established in Lower California. But their work was taken up by the Franciscans, and under Fray Junipero Serra (one of the most heroic characters of his time) was extended until a chain of missions was established along the whole western coast of California. There were ten of these missions at the time of Father Junipero's death; and the number was subsequently doubled. The mission system left its impress upon the whole history of California, and established a characteristic style of architecture which has attracted much attention of recent years. The late Helen Hunt Jackson made a valuable contribution to the historical literature of our country when she wrote of these California missions in a series of magazine articles in 1883; and many readers will be pleased to see her papers upon Father Junipero and his work, the Mission Indians in Southern California, and other related topics, gathered up and republished in "Glimpses of California and the Missions" (Little, Brown & Co.), with illustrations by Mr. Sandham. — Those who love the traditions that centre upon the mission system of that locality will wish that they might have found more extended treatment in Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard's inimitable style, in his book entitled "In the Footprints of the Padres" (A. M. Robertson, San Francisco). All that it has to say about the Mission Padres is confined to a single chapter; while the remainder of the book is devoted to entertaining papers upon other interesting phases of life in San Francisco at the time when the town of the "forty-niners" gradually gave place to the modern city,—the metropolis of the Pacific Coast.

The revolutionary rank and file.

With the pages of his narrative evidencing a painstaking capacity for minute research, Mr. Charles Knowles Bolton has collated from the published histories, biographies, diaries, correspondence, and other documents of the revolutionary period, an exhaustive array of recitals, incidents, colloquies, and anecdotes, illustrative of the point of view of the rank and file of the continental army, which is published in a volume entitled "The Private Soldier under Washington" (Scribner). What steps had been taken toward the organization of that army before the conflict at Lexington, how the exciting news of that and other similar conflicts was spread throughout the scattered settlements of the colonies, how that army grew, notwithstanding many obstacles and difficulties, and the characteristic virtues

and foibles of the men who entered the service, are here clearly set forth, as exhibited in the first sources of information so copiously cited by the industrious writer. The army and navy were enforced competitors; for the passion for privateering often interfered with enlistments into the land forces. A *facsimile* copy of one of Paul Jones's enlistment "broadsides" of 1777, contrasted with copies of other "broadsides" inviting enlistments into the army; and the illustrations showing the dress, accoutrements, arms, and equipment of the soldiers of the line, the requisitions made for supplies for them, the orders issued for their government, and the style of money paid them and their receipts therefor, unite to furnish a vivid picture of the conditions surrounding the men who fought for Independence. Much of the gossip of the revolutionary field, camp, and bivouac is here conveniently and agreeably summarized.

Amelioration of city slums.

The temerity it takes to write anything more about the slums is justified, and on the whole amply justified, by Mrs. Betts's "The Leaven in a Great City" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). There is none of Mr. Riis's Dickens-like picturesqueness in the book, nor of Miss Addams's philosophic grasp; but the testimony to the present condition of slum-dwellers in New York is both sympathetic and expert. The text of the writer's arraignment is: "Not poverty, but the burden imposed by political corruption, is the blight of home-life in the tenement-house sections of New York." She makes it painfully clear how the helpless immigrant falls into the hands of the ward boss, who gives or refuses him work, determines his moral standards, and controls his vote. And she lays the blame at the door of the respectable citizen, especially the church-member, who allows the ward boss to be. The book is not a tirade, however, but a faithful and valid account of life in the tenements. It admirably supplements Mr. Riis's books by laying stress on the work of the women's and girls' clubs, and of the college settlement on Rivington street. Not all of the "leaven" is catalogued. Very little is told of the work of the churches, except its past inadequacy; and even Mulberry Park is not mentioned. But it is much to have given a clearer understanding of the slums, and of some of the spots therein that have been leavened.

Ill-advised American history.

Mr. James Q. Howard's "History of the Louisiana Purchase" (Callaghan) is made up of articles originally sent to the newspapers by the Press and Publicity Department of the St. Louis Exposition, which are now collected and issued in book form "with the approval of the Exposition Company." The style of the book is bad, and the subject-matter is partly irrelevant and partly erroneous. The author's evident purpose is to exalt Livingston at the expense of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe. He does not grasp the combination of circumstances that caused the cession of Louisiana to the United States, but he writes with so much assurance coupled with disparaging references to other books that he is likely to impose upon the novice. His most striking claim is that William Beach Lawrence wrote in the interest of Monroe the "History of Louisiana" to which "the kindly Marbois, at the feeble age of eighty-three, lent the use of his name." This statement is unsupported by the slightest evidence, and is preposterous on its face. He also claims that the famous speeches of Napoleon relating to Louisiana, contained in Marbois, were transferred bodily and without credit from Garden's "History of Treaties," whereas the fact is that Garden wrote long after Marbois, and copied Marboisi nstead of Marbois's copying him. The speeches do not occur in the earlier work of Schoell, which Garden revised and enlarged. As reported by Marbois, they were doubtless largely imaginary, according to the fashion of historical writing at the time, but they nevertheless accurately represented Napoleon's attitude toward the subject. The book closes with sketches of the foremost nine heroes of peace and war, from Washington to Grant, who, in Mr. Howard's opinion, "best teach patriotism and love of country by example."

NOTES.

The Irwin Press is the style of a new publishing concern recently established in Pittsburg. The first publication of the firm is the new edition of "Mr. John Decastro," reviewed in our last issue.

The complete works of John Lyly, now for the first time collected, are about to be issued from the Oxford University Press. Mr. R. Warwick Bond, M.A., has edited the volumes, to which he contributes a life of the author.

A life of Joseph Parker, the late widely-known pastor of the City Temple, London, has been prepared by his long-time friend and associate, Dr. William Adamson, and will be issued at an early date by the Fleming H. Revell Co.

The Lothrop Publishing Company has recently acquired from Small, Maynard & Co. all the rights in Mr. Richard Burton's three volumes of verse, "Dumb in June," "Memorial Day," and "Lyrics of Brotherhood"; and also in his volume of essays, "Literary Likings," of which they are printing a new edition.

In his forthcoming volume of "Biographical Sketches" Mr. James Bryce has made a collection of some very interesting articles which have from time to time appeared in the leading English journals. Most of the men of whom he writes are those with whom he has been closely associated in public life and friendship. The Macmillan Co. will publish the book this month.

A revised edition of Shakespeare's "Macbeth," as presented in the Variorum Edition, will shortly be issued by J. B. Lippincott Co., the publishers of that edition. The new volume will be the first to appear under the editorship of Mr. Horace Howard Furness, Jr., the son of Dr. Horace Howard Furness, LL.D., the distinguished Shakespearian scholar, whose monumental work the Variorum Edition is. Father and son have worked together in the forthcoming play, but it is the

intention of the elder Doctor Furness to relinquish the task of editorship of future volumes in the edition entirely to his son, who will take up the historical plays and probably present "Richard III." as the first volume under his individual editorship.

The New Amsterdam Book Co. will shortly add to their "Commonwealth Library" a new edition, reprinted in unabridged form from the Andover edition of 1830, of Harmon's "A Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America."

A medical book of considerable literary interest may be expected in Dr. George M. Gould's "Biographic Clinics," to be issued shortly by Messrs. P. Blakiston's Son & Co. The volume is a consideration and diagnosis of the ill-health of five English men of letters of the last century — De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley, and Browning.

Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. announce that the publication of their three-volume edition of "The Speeches and Other Writings of Daniel Webster Hitherto Uncollected" has been postponed until after the holidays. This firm is about to begin the publication of a new subscription edition of the works of Daniel Webster in eighteen volumes.

The death of Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, the day after Christmas, at the age of fifty-five, removed from the ranks of American novelists one of the most skilful and charming of recent writers. Her special subject was the romance of American history as found in Parkman and other chroniclers of the old life of the Northwest — the life in which Indians, French, and English came into such interesting relations. In this field Mrs. Catherwood was a pioneer, for "The Romance of Dollard" was published in 1889, and soon followed by "The Story of Tonty," "The Lady of Fort St. John," and other pleasing reconstructions of a richly romantic period. Her most elaborate work, and her most successful from the publishers' point of view was the "Lazarre" of last year. On the whole, Mrs. Catherwood has made a fresh and substantial contribution to our fictive literature, and her death is a serious loss to letters, as well as a cause of profound grief to the many friends to whom she was endeared by a singularly gracious and winning personality.

What will no doubt prove to be one of the most important historical enterprises undertaken in this country of recent years is announced by the Arthur H. Clark Co. of Cleveland. This work will present (mainly in English translation) the most important printed works relating to the Philippine Islands, from 1493 to 1803; including also a large number of heretofore unpublished MSS., gathered from various foreign archives and libraries, which have thus far been most difficult of access. The material thus presented will comprise explorations by early navigators, descriptions of the islands and their peoples, their history, and records of the Catholic Missions, as related in contemporaneous books and manuscripts; showing the political, economic, commercial, and religious conditions of the islands from their earliest relations with European nations to the beginning of the nineteenth century. The series will be edited and annotated by Miss Emma Helen Blair, A.M., of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, assistant editor of "The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents," and Mr. James Alexander Robertson, Ph.B., also formerly engaged upon that work. An historical introduction and notes are furnished by Mr. Edward Gaylord Bourne, Professor of History in Yale University, well known as an authority on early Spanish discoveries and colonization in the New World. The series will include a very careful and extensive bibliography of Philippina — the most valuable that has yet appeared, and there will be an exhaustive analytical index to the complete work. The edition, comprising fifty-five volumes, is limited to one thousand sets. The first volume will appear this month.

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

January, 1903.

Americanism for British Trade-Unions. *World's Work.*
Arctic Whaling of To-day. J. B. Connolly. *Harper.*
Army, A Day in the. H. M. Higday. *World's Work.*
Army Canteen — Why It Should be Restored. *No. American.*
Arnold, Benedict, — Naval Patriot. J. R. Spears. *Harper.*
Arnold's Battle with the Wilderness. J. H. Smith. *Century.*
Austria, Emperor of. Sydney Brooks. *North American.*
Battleship of Future. Lewis Nixon. *World's Work.*
Becquerel Rays. J. J. Thompson. *Harper.*
Beef Prices, Advance in. F. C. Croxton. *Rev. of Reviews.*
British Aristocracy — Is It on the Wane? *North American.*
British Education Bill. W. T. Stead. *Review of Reviews.*
Cairo to Khartum. W. G. Erving. *Century.*
Canada, Our Industrial Invasion of. *World's Work.*
Caribbean Craters. George C. Curtis. *Century.*
Child, Right of the. Ida H. Harper. *North American.*
Chinese and Western Civilization. Wu Ting-Fang. *Harper.*
City and Country Population, Proportion of. *World's Work.*
Curzon's Services to India. *North American.*
Diaz of Mexico. Charles Johnston. *North American.*
Dickens as a Man of Letters. Alice Meynell. *Atlantic.*
Disease, War against. C.-E. A. Winslow. *Atlantic.*
England in 1902. R. Brimley Johnson. *Atlantic.*
Ethan Allen's Country. Julian Ralph. *Harper.*
Franklin in Germany. J. G. Rosengarten. *Lippincott.*
Howells and James, Latest Novels of. *Atlantic.*
Italy, Agrarian Reform in. *North American.*
Krupp, Friedrich Alfred. *World's Work.*
Krupp, the Philanthropist. Elisabeth Carden. *Rev. of Revs.*
Krupps, The, and their Steel Works. *Review of Reviews.*
London's Oldest Art-Club. Arthur Lawrence. *Harper.*
Man Who Is to Come. Benjamin Kidd. *Harper.*
Manufactures, American. E. D. Jones. *World's Work.*
Mascagni, Pietro: An Inquiry. L. Gilman. *No. American.*
Nast, Thomas. Ernest Knaufft. *Review of Reviews.*
Number 4 Park Street. *Atlantic.*
Office Building, Biography of. A. Goodrich. *World's Work.*
Orchestral Music, Future of. W. J. Henderson. *Atlantic.*
Ox, American, and his Pasture. E. B. Andrews. *Rev. of Revs.*
Paris Pawnshops. Cleveland Moffett. *Century.*
Plants of Crystal. Albert Mann. *Harper.*
Poe-Chivers Papers. G. E. Woodberry. *Century.*
Police, Our Lawless. W. J. Gaynor. *North American.*
Rain, Little, A Land of. Mary Austin. *Atlantic.*
Reed, Thomas B. H. B. F. Macfarland. *Rev. of Reviews.*
Rural Free Delivery. D. A. Willey. *Review of Reviews.*
Russian Newspaper, Conducting a. *World's Work.*
Ship-Saving, Modern Methods of. *World's Work.*
So. America, Greater Germany in. S. Bonsal. *No. American.*
Story, My Own. J. T. Trowbridge. *Atlantic.*
Sugar Trust, The So-Called. Franklin Clarkin. *Century.*
Tariff on Iron and Steel. Archer Brown. *North American.*
Travellers' Tales. Agnes Repplier. *Atlantic.*
Treasury and Money Market. C. A. Conant. *Rev. of Revs.*
Trusts, President and the. Albert Shaw. *Century.*
Tuscan Maremma, In the. Vernon Lee. *Harper.*
Warner's Humor, Qualities of. J. H. Twichell. *Century.*
Western Contributions to Democracy. F. J. Turner. *Atlan.*
Wives, English, and American Housekeeping. *Lippincott.*
Words, Coinage of. G. L. Kittredge. *Harper.*
Universities and Commercial Education. *North American.*
Venezuela and the Powers. A. Maurice Low. *Rev. of Revs.*

List of New Books.

[The following list, containing 65 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Constable and his Influence on Landscape Painting. By C. J. Holmes. Illus. in photogravure, large 4to, gilt top, pp. 252. E. P. Dutton & Co. $35. *net.*

Rochester and Other Literary Rakes of the Court of Charles II. With Some Account of their Surroundings. By the author of "The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby." Illus. in photogravure, etc., 8vo, uncut, pp. 332. Longmans, Green, & Co. $4.80 *net.*

Memories of Vailima. By Isobel Strong and Lloyd Osbourne. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.20 *net.*

Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, Prime Minister 1710-1714: A Study of Politics and Letters in the Age of Anne. By E. S. Roscoe. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 256. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 *net.*

Molière. By Leon H. Vincent. 18mo, gilt top, pp. 233. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 85 cts. *net.*

HISTORY.

Three Years' War. By Christiaan Rudolf de Wet; with portrait by John S. Sargent, R.A. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 448. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 *net.*

The Romance of the Colorado River: The Story of its Discovery in 1540, with an account of the Later Explorations, and with Special Reference to the Voyages of Powell through the Line of the Great Canyons. By Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. Illus. in color, etc., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 399. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 *net.*

Ohio and her Western Reserve. With a Story of Three States. By Alfred Mathews. Illus., 12mo, pp. 330. "Expansion of the Republic Series." D. Appleton & Co. $1.25 *net.*

Where American Independence Began: Quincy, its Famous Group of Patriots; their Deeds, Homes, and Descendants. By Daniel Munro Wilson. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 289. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2. *net.*

The Papal Monarchy, from St. Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII. (590-1303). By William Barry, D.D. Illus., 12mo, pp. 435. "Story of the Nations." G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 *net.*

America in its Relations to the Great Epochs of History. By William Justin Mann. 12mo, pp. 315. Little, Brown, & Co. $1. *net.*

The Principles of English Constitutional History. By Lucy Dale. 12mo, pp. 509. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Shakspere and his Forerunners: Studies in Elizabethan Poetry and its Development from Early English. By Sidney Lanier. In 2 vols., illus., large 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. Doubleday, Page & Co. $10. *net.*

The Quest of the Holy Grail: An Interpretation and a Paraphrase of the Holy Legends. By Ferris Greenslet, Ph.D.; illus. from the frieze decoration in the Boston Public Library by Edwin Austin Abbey, R.A. 4to, gilt top, pp. 78. Boston: Curtis & Cameron. $5. *net.*

Literary Values, and Other Papers. By John Burroughs. 16mo, gilt top, pp. 264. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10 *net.*

The Satire of Seneca on the Apotheosis of Claudius: A Study. By Allan Perley Ball. 12mo, uncut, pp. 256. "Columbia University Studies." Macmillan Co. $1.25 *net.*

Sufi Interpretations of the Quatrains of Omar Khayyam and FitzGerald. By C. H. A. Bjerregaard. With frontispiece and decorative borders, 4to, uncut. J. F. Taylor & Co. $5. *net.*

The Faire Maide of Bristow: A Comedy. Reprinted from the Quarto of 1605, and edited by Arthur Hobson Quinn. Large 8vo, pp. 96. "Publications of the University of Pennsylvania." Ginn & Co. $1. *net.*

The Lady's New Year's Gift; or, Advice to a Daughter. By Sir George Savile. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 119. A. Wessels Co. $1.

Shakespeare's "Love's Labour's Won." By Albert H. Tolman. 4to, pp. 34. "Decennial Publications." University of Chicago Press. Paper, 50 cts. *net.*

Isn't It So? By Nettie Seeley Murphy; illus. by J. C. Coll. 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 91. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.

Practical Wisdom: Letters to Young Men. By Sir Walter Raleigh, Francis Osborn, Lord Burleigh, Sir Matthew Hale, and William Earl of Bedford. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 217. A. Wessels Co. $1.

Whimlets. By S. Scott Stinson; pictured by Clare Victor Dwiggins. 16mo, gilt top, pp. 100. Henry T. Coates & Co. 80 cts. *net.*

Manchester Al Mondo: A Contemplation of Death and Immortality. By Sir Henry Montagu, First Earl of Manchester. Reprinted from the fourth impression (1638-9). 32mo, pp. 124. Oxford University Press.

BOOKS OF VERSE.

Myrtle and Oak. By Rennell Rodd. With portrait, 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 115. Boston: Forbes & Co. $1.

The Dancers, and Other Legends and Lyrics. By Edith M. Thomas. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 93. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.

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